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MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ELSIE MAY.

Mother, come back! the world is chill and lonely,
It brings me but a heritage of pain.
When crushed or saddened by its weight of sorrow,
Oh! how I long to hear thy voice again.
Softly and winningly, as when in childhood
You murmured blessings as you kissed my brow;
Since then the world has set thereon its signet,
And it is far less bright and guileless now.

Mother, dear mother! all alone I'm stemming
The turbid waves of mortal care and strife;
No one now murmurs loving benedictions
Upon the orphan's lonely, unblessed life.
No hand like thine soothes with its soft caresses,
The fervid pulses of life's fever heat;
No other voice breathes lovingly, "my daughter,"
In cadences of music low and sweet!

Long since the cold, deceitful world has taught me,
Lessons of doubt, deception and distrust,
And the fair hope-flowers, gathered in life's spring time
Mingled, long ere it's summer, with the dust.
No mother love has soothed my sorrowing spirit
As among thorns have passed my weary feet,
Ah! they have walked through rays of fierce temptation,
While thine have pressed with joy God's shining street.

Oh! if but once thy loving arms could fold me,
Once thy sweet voice might softly speak my name,
E'en though thy pinions were then plumed for flying
Back to the spirit land from whence thou came.
In that bright land where thou art safely dwelling.
Say, blessed mother, do they e'er forget?
Or do their eyes still yearningly behold us;
Do they remember, do they love us yet?

Thou canst not come; vain, sinful are these longings,
Heaven gives not back its cholicly gathered gems;
Spirits immortal would not wander earthward,
Soiling with dust and dross their diadems.
Robes that have swept through amaranthine bowers,
Would, in their pureness, dazzle human sight;
And, should such visitants appear before us,
Awe would eclipse our heart's supreme delight.

Motherless, still my life must carry burdens,
Up the steep ascent of life's hilly way,
Still note the thick clouds blotting out the sunlight,
And the night shadows darkening the day.
Yet, oh! the long night soon must have a dawning,
Life will not always bow beneath the rod.
So let my heart grow strong in faith and trusting
Till I shall see thee "in the light of God."

DANGEROUS GROUND;
OR, THE
THREE SISTERS OF WOOD HOUSE FARM.

CHAPTER XII.

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe. BURNS.

Amanda was of opinion that the Earl of Montargis exaggerated his danger. There was no doubt his life was drawing towards its close; but she anticipated he would live longer than he expected. Now that she had committed the act of fraud and treachery described in the last chapter, she was eager and anxious for his death. She dreaded lest he should inform his son and the other members of his family how he had bequeathed his fortune, show them the will, and so enable them to discover the wrong which had been attempted to be perpetrated on them.

Her agony of mind was so great that she spoke with difficulty, and she was so fearful of being found out that if any one looked at her more intently than usual she imagined that she would the next moment be accused of the crime which she had, in obedience to the dictates of her ambition, committed.

She dismissed old Blarrid, who withdrew from the sick chamber, with her accustomed complaisance and sought the housekeeper's room, where a select council, consisting of the steward, the groom of the chambers, the butler and the housekeeper, were assembled over a bottle of very fine crusted port and a currant cake.

"Any change?" asked Mrs. Barton, the housekeeper, as old Blarrid entered.

"Same as usual, ma'am," replied the nurse. "He'll last a few days yet, perhaps, but he's booked, for all that. I've had a little experience and I can in general tell. If there's no excitement he'll last; but my Lord Mayland is sent for and the interview is to be strictly private, so there is something in the wind and I won't answer for the consequences."

"Ah!" said the butler, sententiously, "if all they say be true he'll have something to answer for. I can't explain my meaning any more, for I've only heard rumors myself and we all know what rumors are."

"Never mind rumors, Mr. Martin," exclaimed the housekeeper; "will the earl's death make any change in the household? I should imagine not; though there ought to be pensions to old servants. Mr. and Mrs. Nash, the steward, and Mr. Garway, the groom of the chambers, have been here a many years, and it is time we should quit if we want to establish ourselves in business before we are too old for it."

And Mrs. Barton, the housekeeper, looked at Mr. Garway, the groom of the chambers, in a way which clearly said, "If you'll have me I'll have you."

"Two suits of mourning is a sure thing," remarked the nurse Blarrid.

But her further observations were cut short, as her low way of looking at eventualities did not please the upper servants, who had far grander ideas. They expected legacies; the mourning was a matter of perfect indifference to them.

While this sort of conversation was taking place down stairs, Amanda had conducted Lord Mayland to the earl's bed-chamber, he having been unwilling to enter before he was fully aware that his father's condition was such as to enable him to do so without fear of aggravating his malady.

In order to keep out the draught, a rich moreen curtain had been hung upon an iron rod placed over the door of the earl's bed-room, and Amanda, who was extremely desirous of overhearing the conversation of the earl and his son, determined to hide behind it while pretending to shut the door and retire.

Here was a bold and adventurous disposition, and though she used her daring for a bad purpose she did not do anything by halves. Having ushered Lord Mayland into the presence of his father, she withdrew, and, opening the door, pretended to shut it, though she remained behind the curtain and within earshot.

Peeping at one extremity she saw his lordship approach the earl, who was just able to extend an attenuated hand to him, and say, in a voice which was weak and labored:—

"It was kind of you to come so soon. I wanted to see you before I die, because I intend to disclose a secret which has been weighing heavily on my mind for many years. If you had not come in time to receive my confidence I should have let it die with me. Sit down near me, Mayland. I am weak—more so, perhaps, than you imagine, and you must make allowance for my imperfect delivery. I will be as explicit and as little tedious as I can."

Lord Mayland said a few words of an encouraging nature and sat down as he was told, looking anxious rather than curious, and waited for his father to speak.

"It would startle you," the Earl of Montargis went on, "if I were to tell you that I never have had, nor will you at my death, have any right to the title which I bear. But stop; are we alone?"

"Quite," answered Lord Mayland, hoarsely. "Miss Garraway accompanied me here, but I saw her go away, and I heard her shut the door after her."

At these words Amanda laid her hand upon the handle of the door, so as to be ready to beat an immediate retreat should his lordship look round the room or examine the curtains near the door behind which she was concealed, so as to verify the truth of his declaration that they were alone together, father and son, with none to interrupt or overhear them.

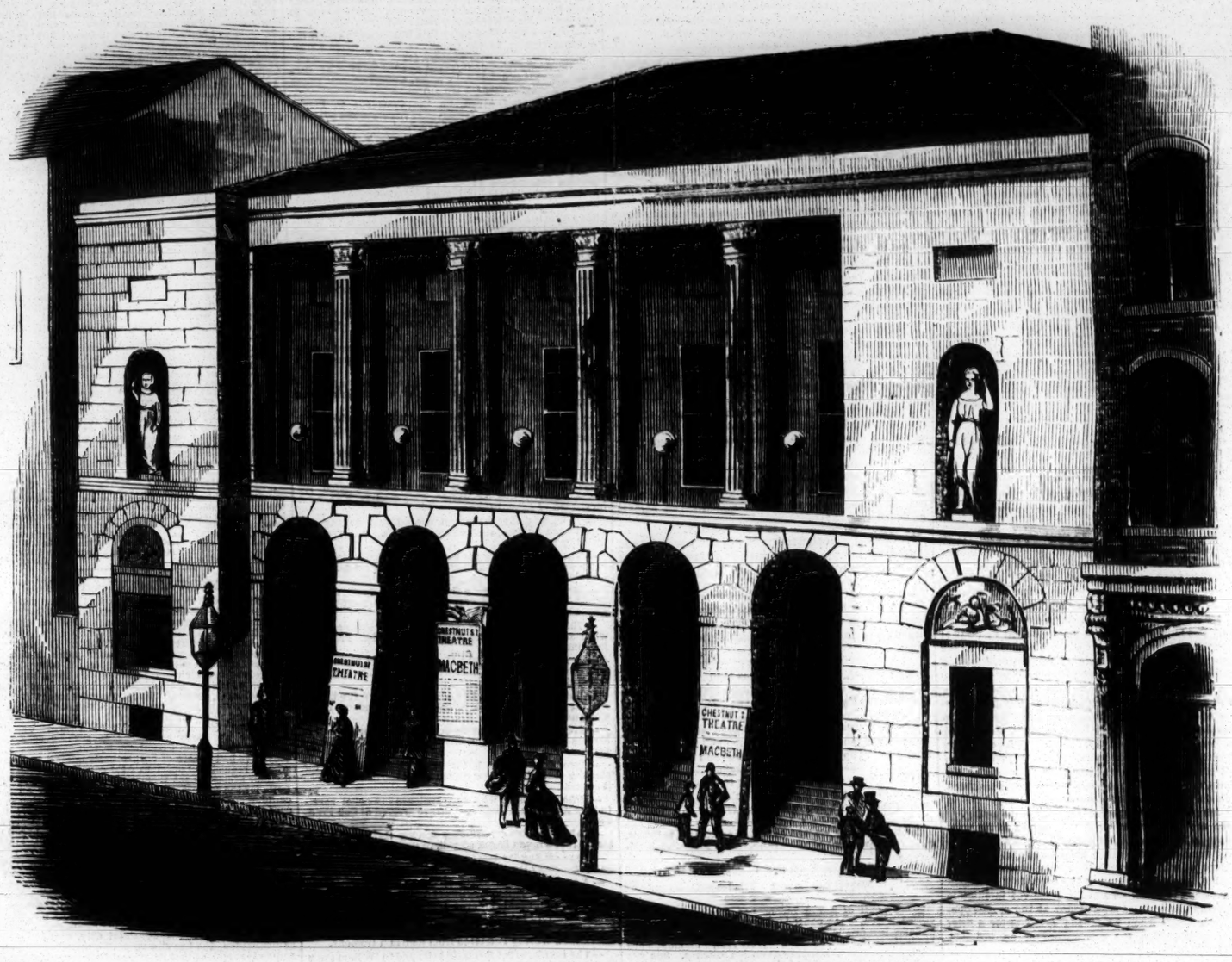
"Mayland," the earl continued, "you may well look startled. So long as a certain person lives I have no right to the title of Montargis, and if I have not it follows that you are equally without any right—does it not?"

"I admit your logic, father," said Lord Mayland, much astonished, "but I await your facts before I say anything in reply. I can scarcely believe that I am in my right senses, or that I am not listening to the ravings of delirium."

"Would to heaven that you were, my son!" replied the Earl of Montargis, solemnly. "Better—far better would it be for you. As for me, I have lived my allotted span, or nearly, and the brunt of the battle, if there is to be any fight, falls not on me. I coveted the earldom, I coveted the estates belonging to it, and the position it would confer upon me, yet while my brother lived I had no hope."

"But your brother Stanley died?" said Lord Mayland.

"He did. It was the visitation of God. I had nothing to do with it. No; that was not the result of any crime of mine," cried the earl, speaking more quickly and with more distinctness as he warmed with his subject. "But you will remember that he had a son. Stanley had a son, who was christened Noel."



THE OLD CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

For Full Description see Page 357.

"Yes," said Mayland, thoughtfully, "I have heard of that. The son of whom you speak disappeared and every one supposes him dead."

"I know him to be living!" exclaimed the earl, starting up in the bed by an extraordinary effort, resting himself on his elbows and glaring at his son with the wildness of one out of his senses.

"Living!" ejaculated Lord Mayland, aghast.

"It is a fact; he lives! It was I who stole him and he lives to trouble you, Mayland, if you are not careful, as he would have troubled me had I given him a chance. You have often wondered, I dare say, why I had occasional fits of melancholy, why my mind was absorbed and abstracted. That young man lay like an incubus upon me. I dared not kill him. I had not the courage. I am only a half-and-half villain, after all. I could rob him of his inheritance, and shut him up in a lunatic asylum, where they killed his mind, so that he is accounted mad by some; but I dared not kill him."

He paused, and shuddered visibly.

Lord Mayland regarded him with apparent horror, and yet was so deeply interested in his tale that he leant over the bed in order to hear it more distinctly.

"Where is this young man now?" he asked. "If you want to put me on my guard and enable me to perpetuate your policy, you should enable me to find my enemy. I know not how to act until I have had time to reflect; but, at all events, it will be a source of great consolation, after what you have said, to hear where my cousin, the son of my uncle Stanley, the real Earl of Montargis, is living. Your revelation will be incomplete unless you can give me some information respecting him."

"You shall hear everything," answered the earl, with the same feverish exhibition of unwonted and, to him, injurious excitement. "Pursue the same course as I have done. Keep him in subjection; make him afraid of you. At present he knows nothing, but he has friends, and if they could discover his whereabouts you would have a hard fight for the title. Your position would not be worth a year's purchase."

"Who and where is he!" pursued Lord Mayland, bending forward with increased anxiety depicted on his pallid countenance.

"He—he—" began the Earl of Montargis, but a deathly paller overspread his face, which, in its appearance, matched that of his son: "he is——"

It was in vain he struggled to utter any more words; his strength had been waning, and though it would, had he economised it, have lasted some time longer, he had exhausted it in the effort he made to take Lord Mayland into his confidence, and, sinking back upon his pillows, he breathed heavily and became insensible.

His son bent over him to catch any whisper that might come from his livid lips. Amanda looked out from behind the curtain in her intense anxiety to hear more.

Both were disappointed. In a few minutes the breathing ceased; an expression of anguish distorted the earl's face, the dying man was incapable of farther utterance. There was a convulsive struggle and all was over.

The remainder of the secret of the Earl of Montargis had died with him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great
Ancient homes of lord and lady
Built for pleasure and for state

So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirits sank;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank.—TENNYSON.

It is difficult to say who was the most annoyed at the sudden cessation of the earl's speech, both Amanda and Lord Mayland being deeply interested in the recital, and it is not too much to assert that for a few moments his lordship was more concerned at not hearing the whole of the confidence which would have been placed in him than he was at the fearfully sudden death of his parent. Better for Lord Mayland's peace of mind if the earl had not spoken. The incomplete revelation had created a spectre standing in his path; but though he knew a real danger menaced him, he did not know how to attack it, or where to look for its appearance.

If, on the other hand, he was desirous of being an honest man and making restitution, he was unable to do so, as all he knew was, that the young man, Noel, the son of Stanley, his uncle, lived; but where to find him he had no idea; he was even ignorant of the name he bore among men; and it was with a mind dreadfully oppressed with a weight of care that he drew the coverlid over the face of his father, whose pulse was motionless and whose heart had ceased to beat.

Feeling assured that there was nothing more to hear, Amanda stole away from her place of concealment and went downstairs to turn over in her mind all that she had heard and wonder in what way she could utilise the knowledge she had gained. It was a thousand pities that the earl had not completed his confession, but, at all events, she knew as much as Lord Mayland.

Her reflections were cut short by the entrance of the latter, who, in feeling terms, announced the melancholy event which had just taken place and which Amanda affected to hear with surprise, though she knew all about it as well as he did himself.

On the following morning the Countess of Montargis, accompanied by her daughters, arrived at the park, having travelled all night. They were deeply grieved at the sad intelligence which awaited them, but matters of business soon occupied the mind of the countess, who was for some time closeted with her solicitor and her son.

The legal gentleman was named Norton and was a Nunnington practitioner. He was not a man of brilliant parts, but he had a quiet manner which passed for wisdom, though it was in reality the offspring of wisdom, and his great peculiarity was that he would never commit himself to an opinion unless he was driven into a corner.

The interview took place in the dining room after luncheon, the cloth and its contents remaining on the table. The ladies Gwendoline and Selina, with Amanda, had retired to another room to discuss the interesting question of mourning, which always occupies the attention of ladies more or less before a funeral, and Amanda, who was competent to give advice on this difficult subject, did so with a taste and wealth of description which the compiler of a book of fashions might have envied.

"You ask me, my lady," began Mr. Norton, sipping his sherry, "if I think the late earl left a will. I do not like to hazard a definite opinion, but I know a will was made. Now, this proves nothing. A man may make a dozen wills and burn them all. The mere fact of a will having been in existence some years ago is of no value to us. What we want to know is this—is there a will in being now? Eh, my lord? eh, my lady? Is not that the point?"

"Certainly it is," replied the Countess of Montargis, adding, "My poor husband was not fond of talking about business matters, and it would have been indelicate for me to urge upon him the necessity—or shall I say the propriety—of making adequate provision for me. He threw out hints occasionally that he had done so. What, sir, was the nature of the will that you drew?"

"I should be sorry to speak positively about any particular document," answered Mr. Norton, in his roundabout way, "because my will, if I may call it so, has probably been superseded by another, and I should create impressions which it would be difficult to remove. However, there was a will prepared in my office, and prepared according to special and written order. The Earl of Montargis had entrusted me to bequeath all his personality to one individual. His son—meaning you, my lord—he said was well provided for with the entailed property. The individual to whom the testator left his shares in public companies, his funded stock and money lying at his bankers, was charged to pay the Ladies Gwendoline and Selina Mayland the sum of one thousand a year until their marriage, for I well remember the deceased telling me that no man should marry the girls for money."

"He had, I know, peculiar views on that subject," exclaimed the countess, who showed some signs of impatience. "And now, Mr. Norton, you need make no further mystery about the matter. I presume the person to whom the personalty was thus left is myself? It would be quite in accordance with my expectations and the expressed intentions of my late husband."

"I am utterly unable to gratify your ladyship's curiosity," said the attorney. "No name was inserted in the will at my office, nor did I hear any name mentioned. A blank was left purposely, so that his lordship might fill it up himself before he died, or at his leisure or inclination."

"Bless me!" cried the countess, in a tone of alarm, "has any search been made for this singular document, or any one of a similar nature? If not, it is time something should be made. I hope you will not accuse me of indecent haste, but while the living should respect the dead there is a duty they owe to themselves which it is wrong to neglect."

"It is usual in these melancholy cases, my lady," exclaimed Mr. Norton, to place seals upon anything which contains papers or articles of value, and that I have already done; but I will, in your presence, make a search for a will; since you seem to have no knowledge of the existence of one, and I trust that the result of our inquiry will be as agreeable as you could wish, though I beg you to bear in mind that I have not committed myself to any definite opinion which may raise extravagant expectations in the mind of any one, though I must add that the custom is to make known the will of the deceased after the funeral, when all the relatives are assembled together."

"Do as you please, Mr. Norton," said the countess, whose mind was sorely troubled, she knew not why. "Proceed to the apartments occupied by the earl with out me, if you please. Lord Mayland will accompany you. I am not strong enough to go through such an undertaking. Oh, by the way, Mayland, who was with the earl before you arrived?"

"Miss Garraway, I believe, and the nurse, an old woman from Footbills recommended by Mrs. Barton, our housekeeper. I am not aware that any one else had access to my father's chamber, and I am informed by them that he was well attended to and allowed to want nothing."

"Of course they would speak in their own praise," said the countess. "However, we will not do them the injustice to suppose that they spoke falsely. Will you kindly send this old woman to me if she is in this house. I should like to put a few questions to her, which, if she answers them satisfactorily, will assist my reflections. Let her come in here."

Lord Mayland promised that she should be sent to his mother directly if she were in the house, and if not a message should be dispatched to bring her from the village as soon as possible. But it happened that old Blarrid had been a nurse for some time and she did not consider that her engagement terminated until the funeral had taken place; then and only then were her services to be dispensed with.

In a time of general sorrow much latitude was allowed to her, and, in fact, to everybody, and she found her perquisites more numerous during the week which preceded the funeral than they were before the death of her patient. She had anticipated an order to wait upon the countess and was prepared. She wore her best black dress and a cap trimmed with black ribbons and entered the room with her hands behind her, making a low courtesy, which caused her apron to touch the ground.

"You are the nurse who attended upon the Earl of Montargis?" exclaimed the countess, as Blarrid stood before her, and eyeing her sharply, to see what her disposition was; but there was nothing but vacancy portrayed upon the fat, stolid face of the nurse, who, in reply, made another bob as profound as the first. "Have you anything to tell me?" continued her ladyship. "I mean, did my husband give you any message for me, or speak to you on any matter of business? Be frank with me. I shall know how to reward you if I find that you are worthy of my countenance and support."

"No, my lady," rejoined old Blarrid, keeping her eyes fixed on the ground. "The earl said nothing and there was no business mentioned except a paper which I had to sign. I was asleep in the chair until the governess woke me, and, putting a pen in my hand, told me I had to sign something as a witness, and the earl—poor, dear gentleman!—told me where to put my name, but what it was all about I did not hear. Perhaps Miss Garraway will be able to give your ladyship more information than I can. I can assure your ladyship that everything was done that could be done, and, if you had been here, you would, I am proud to think, have entirely approved of everything."

"Thank you," said the countess; "that will do. Please tell one of the servants to desire Miss Garraway to wait upon me. I shall not omit to reward you for your services. I suppose Mrs. Barton knows where to find you if you should be wanted? Very well. You can go."

The nurse took her departure with a peculiar smile upon her puckered lips and the countess paced the room impatiently until Amanda entered. She, too, was dressed in black, wearing a silk dress and a jacket of the same material over a woollen garibaldi. She was always neat and simple in her attire rather than gaudy, for she knew that any attempt at display on her part would soon be extinguished by the extensive wardrobe of the countess and her daughters, who sometimes spent more in a month on dress than her salary amounted to in a whole year.

"Pray sit down, Miss Garraway," said the countess. "I have been so busy with my solicitor and so dreadfully upset by the terrible event which has taken place, that I have had no opportunity until now of thanking you for your kindness to my dear husband. I do so now, however, and hope he has remembered you in some substantial way in his will; if not, rest assured I will supply the omission."

"I hardly know how to thank your ladyship for your kindness," answered Amanda, who, with difficulty, suppressed a smile; "your eulogy is really more than I deserve. It is true that I did my best to minister to his lordship's wants, in which endeavor I was ably seconded by Mrs. Blarrid, the nurse, whom I can recommend to your ladyship as an experienced and worthy woman. I need scarcely say that I did not expect any reward for what I did, though the earl himself on several occasions told me that he felt himself indebted to me, not only for nursing him in his last illness, but for attending to the education of his daughters in what he was pleased to call an effectual and praiseworthy manner. Indeed, his expressions of gratitude were so cordial that I was at a loss to account for it all."

"Perhaps," rejoined the countess, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, "the earl was not conscious of what he was saying. I do not wish to disparage you for an instant, Miss Garraway, but——"

"I can assure your ladyship," interrupted Amanda, "that the Earl of Montargis never lost consciousness, and that his faculties were perfectly clear up to the time he sent me for Lord Mayland, and his lordship will confirm what I say."

"It is very sad, under these circumstances, to think that his illness terminated so disastrously and so suddenly," said the countess, who could not refrain from biting her lips. "It would have given me a consolation which I need not stop to describe to you to have been with him at the last. But, perhaps, you can give me some message from him, or, at least, tell me what took place during the last three or four days of his life. Can you do this? If so, I am prepared to listen to you and shall feel grateful for any communication which you have to make to me."

"The earl was singularly reticent," answered Amanda. "He did not in any way take me into his confidence, nor did he entrust me with any message to you. Lord Mayland was with him when he died, and, probably, he would be the person to whom the earl would speak on private and family matters. The only service of any importance which I was asked to perform was to take a paper out of a cabinet, which he signed in my presence and that of the nurse. We both witnessed it at his request, though we were entirely ignorant of its contents and afterwards I put it back again in its place. I have little doubt your solicitor has found it by this time."

The countess thanked Amanda for her information, and, seeing that she knew no more, did not press her. They continued in conversation until Lord Mayland and Mr. Norton came down, when Amanda discreetly withdrew, though she did not think it beneath her dignity to stay outside and put her ear to the keyhole to overhear the conversation. This was of a nature calculated to be eminently satisfactory to her.

Mr. Norton declared that he had found a will, which he had in his possession, but he had not opened or read it, thinking it best to read it openly in due form after the funeral. He begged her ladyship's pardon for gratifying her curiosity, and she, who felt secure, did not press him, but rather commended him for his punctilio. No other document of similar importance had been found, and Mr. Norton went away with the precious parchment in his possession. The counters, who knew him to be a thoroughly trustworthy man, was rather glad that he went, as she was perfectly safe in his hands. She and her son remained together until it was dark, when they retired to dress for dinner.

A week quickly passed and great preparations were made for the funeral. The Earl of Montargis was to be buried in the family fault in Footbills Church. Invitations had been issued to the relatives of the deceased as well as to his intimate friends. The day broke gloomily. Great banks of clouds were drifting up from the southwest, driven by a strong wind which momentarily increased in violence. Rain fell at an early hour and continued to fall at intervals, making the air cold and wintry and the ground wet and muddy. The blast moaned dismally through the branches of the leafless trees, and the rain, which, after eleven o'clock, fell with pitiless persistence, considerably diminished the number of spectators in the road near the park and the approaches to the churchyard, though the church itself was well filled. The countess and her daughters insisted upon following in a funeral coach, which they had to themselves, Amanda preferring to remain at home, out of no disrespect to the deceased, but because she felt that she would be somewhat out of place with near relatives of the earl.

In addition to this scruple, which was, after all, rather more imaginary than real, she was on thorns to know how the Countess of Montargis would act when the will was read. The shock would be so complete that she anticipated some diversion from her ladyship's behavior on the occasion and her mind was very busy until the *cortege* returned.

Once she went into the dining-room, where old Blarrid and the housekeeper were engaged in assisting the butler in laying out the table to the best advantage for the cold collation which was prepared for those who liked to partake of it after the funeral, and she was rather surprised when the nurse exclaimed, in a significant tone:—

"I should like to speak to you, miss, after the fuss is over—say about five o'clock. Don't disappoint me and I'll meet you in your bed-room. You can easily slip away without any one seeing you."

"What can you have to say to me which you cannot say here?" answered Amanda, almost angrily, and she was about to refuse compliance with her request when she remembered that Blarrid witnessed the will and was in the room when she committed the daring forgery, the result of the announcement of which she awaited with such feverish impatience. So she checked her inclination to be uncivil to the old woman and continued:—"Well, well, I will be there to receive you, nurse. About five o'clock, I think you said. That will do. And you may expect to see me, unless something of an unexpected nature occurs to detain me."

The old woman nodded her head and went on with her work, while Amanda, wondering greatly what could be her meaning, returned to the front of the house, and, looking out of a window, beheld the funeral procession, if such it might be called, winding along the avenue at a quick rate.

The rain still fell heavily and a thin mist was beginning to rise along the lowlands, the wind having fallen since morning. The critical moment was approaching, and Amanda's heart palpitated violently. She was divided between hopes and fears. She did not see how her deeply laid, though simple plot could fail, but she knew that there is such uncertainty in human affairs that it is the height of folly to make sure of anything until it is absolutely accomplished.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOMEWHERE OR OTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

Somewhere or other—I know not where—
But I have read there's a fairy place
Where the scent of blossoms is in the air,
And Trouble forever hides its face.

Where the skies never lower, and all day long
The lilies wave and the roses blow,
And the merry birdlings pipe their song,
And the happy hours they come and go.

Somewhere or other, say where, O, where?
Doubtless there lives a pretty maid
This fairy land with me would share,
Where Youth and Beauty never fade!

If there is, she may drop me, per mail, a line,
And send with it a tress of her hair,
With her *carte visite*, (I will send her mine),
To my address, in this paper's care.

Somewhere or other I have no doubt,
(We read of such things in books, sometimes
There's a very large fortune a-knocking about
That belongs to the author of these rhymes.

Ah! if I get it—and find that land—
And that maiden she drops that note to me—
I will give her my fortune—my heart, my hand—
And what a jolly dog "yours truly" will be!—J. H. B

A MIDNIGHT MEETING AT THE THREE BALLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was at the dead and witching hour of night—the night before the annual sales, and all was silence and gloom in the deep depositories of Abrams & Co., whose sign of the Three Balls is so familiar to all true Gothamites of the new dispensation. The snow was falling noiselessly without, and the clicking of the antique family clock which stood in the corner mingled with the snoring of the shop-boy, Isaacs, who slept on a pallet behind the counter. Matters continued in this droning condition until the hour of twelve had chimed, when all of a sudden a light illuminated the apartment; the antique clock opened wide its mouth and gave vent to a yawn, the two little angels which clung to its sides, like the children of Robinson during an act of posturing, flapped their wings and jumped down upon the floor; and Isaacs, awakened from his slumbers and peering over the counter, was amazed upon finding that the dusty apartment had been converted into a comfortable hall, the shelves being neatly draped with faded and rumpled hangings drawn therefrom, while the two cupids, which he now missed from the clock, with aprons before them, were setting the long table, but lately clustered with goods, with such a repast as caused that bread-and-butter-fed youth to moan with sheer envy. When this was accomplished a fire began to blaze and crackle in the old fashioned grate, and, the clock case opening, a rakish and finely dressed old man, with a florid but handsome countenance, advanced from the cavity, and shook warmly by the hand a fashionably attired person of his own age, who had just emerged from the full length "portrait of a gentleman" hanging upon the wainscoat. Immediately, a host of men and women of all conditions and ages swarmed from behind the arras and miraculously found seats at the hitherto seatless table.

"Comrades, well met," said the first intruder, by way of salutation. "Although debarred for an empty space the pleasures of association, it is well that by a secret dispensation of Providence we are enabled to meet, as in bygone years, at the social board, and indulge for the last time together in the delights of retrospection. I see many new faces, and while the cheerful glass is going round perhaps it would be as well that each, in compliance with custom, should tell his story."

"Cheerfully, for my part," spoke out a young man with a cat's head of hair, at the foot of the board, arrayed in full classic costume. "I was an actor of the old school, who strutted my brief hour before the old Park footlights, and whose prosperity went out with the burning of that famous establishment. These garments, which now I wear, are the last of an extensive wardrobe, which, being unable to dance or sing for a living, I reluctantly disposed of to raise uncle here, and if I did not live long to make further endeavor the supper I enjoyed from the proceeds dispersed many a care and enabled me to go out in a blaze of glory."

"Which you chiefly lived upon in those days, I believe," said the old gentleman with the clock case, taking snuff and displaying a handsome ring.

"I was reduced to extremes," from no such cause," broke in a flashy looking personage at the centre of the table. "I was celebrated for the bounty and costliness of my suppers, having a fortune which I spent lavishly on every side, earning thereby the right to be considered the prince of good fellows, but nothing beside. This diamond pin and ring are the last of a fine property which I dissolved, as Cleopatra dissolved the pearls, in wine."

"I had a jolly time, too," said a man with portly person, sensual mouth, black whiskers and overmuch jewelry, "and yet had no fortune except what accrued to me from the exercise of a witty brain, which taught that the world owed every man a living and was bound somehow to pay it."

"I, too, belongs to this here noble gang," piped up a prematurely old youth, with the voice and wardrobe of Jemmy Twitcher, "and the best of it was I lived like a fightin' cock by pickin' up whatsomever I could in a honest way, and only knocked under ven my last lift was refused and they gev me to the pleeceman."

"I remember," said the old gentleman of the portrait, filling a bumper—"you took my full jeweled repeater, and well you did it. Such genius, exerted in a loftier sphere, would have made a great man of you. Some wine with you, sir."

"I fell by my own foolish vanity and trust," ventured a handsome but plainly clad woman, with a tiara round her forehead. "My husband denied the money to humor my whims, and this tiara, which I afterward pledged to support my little one, was the price of my fall."

Three strokes of a guitar, at her right, drew attention to a pale, handsome man of pallid features and seedy attire.

"We shall be dull without music, and this instrument, which I pawned in disgust because, alarmed at the innovation of the banjo, I refused to support me, is one of the finest of its kind."

The proposition was hailed with applause, and the speaker threw off an air with an ease and grace which drew forth the most vehement manifestations of delight.

"Listen for once to the old cremona," said another seedy looking guest, when he had concluded. "It has elicited plaudits in its time from the most fashionable circles of the opera; but it is long since it has spoken." And he discoursed on its chords a melody which aroused the enthusiasm of the listeners.

"I remember," said the old gentleman of the clock case. "It has drawn me to many a benefit in my time, before my shadow was impelled by life's vicissitudes to darken these doors? Do you snuff?"

When other speakers had taken their turn, the second old gentleman arose and proposed the health of their liberal entertainer, mine host of the three golden balls. The proposal was honored in bumpers, and the first old gentleman said, "Well bethought of, my *confrere*. By Jove, let's have him up!"

The pounding, applause and laughter brought Abrams himself into the room, when he was seized and surrounded, and obliged to take the chair. Well plied with wine, he made a speech that astonished even himself. Then the table was removed, and the revelers rejoiced in a frantic dance which caused the rafters to ring, and in which they forced him to join. But in the midst of the uproar the cock crew thrice, the old gentleman with the snuff box retreated to his family clock case; the cupids flew back to their perch; he of the portrait ascended to his picture, and the others simultaneously retired behind the curtains, and laid themselves away with their property on the shelves.

Since then the auctioneer has been with them, and they may never look to witness so happy a meeting again.

INGENIOUS AND SHABBY.—At Acapulco (Mexico) the pretty peasant girls have an ingenious device for selling necklaces made of shells, principally on the days when steamers arrive. Handing you a necklace, they say, "We give you present, senor," and then retire with a low courtesy. Returning, however, in a few moments, they say sweetly, "You give me present, senor, of quarter dollar;" and they get the money.

FORTUNE.—Fortune is like a good sweetheart, she scorns to encounter a timid, fearful man. There is no honor in the victory where there is no danger, and it is in adversity that the mind is tried and purified. Chastenings are blessings sent to us to remind us of our duty, and what is due to the goodness of heaven. The afflictions of a great mind spare others to suffer: for example has its salutary influence.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

COAT REGIONS.—1. He is known by his right name. 2. At Tony Pastor's Opera House. 3. Hogan and Hughes are among the best. 4. Frank Kerns. 5. He is good. 6. Both of the minstrel bands in this city are first class. 7 Johnny Thompson and Billy Emerson are the two highest salaried minstrel performers in the business. 8. From twenty-five to thirty-five per week. 9 About twenty dollars a week.

A. H. C., Newark.—1. The proper way is to deal either two first and third or forward, or vice versa, but as the deal is commenced as after A had gone out, he is wrong; B and C must play out the game. H. C. K., Springfield.—1. John S. Clarke has been in England since Sept. 1867. He is still. 2. "Coal Oil Johnny's "right name was John Steele. He first went into the show business with Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels, with thousands of dollars, and in less than a year he was tending door for the same company. Cannot tell you where he is now. 3. Nellie is a clever *soubrette*.

MACDONALD, Cleveland.—The fastest running time on record for three miles is 5:13¾; for two miles, Fanny Hall's 3:17¾; for one mile, Hiram's 1:43½; for a mile and an eighth, Fanny Hall's 1:56; for a mile and a quarter, Narragansett's 2:13; for a mile and three quarters, Corsican's 3:07¾; for two miles, Hegira's 3:34¾; three miles, Norfolk's 5:37½; four miles, Lexington's 7:19¾.

"FELLOW CLERKS." Washington.—1. The two nines should be arranged from catcher to right field, Birdsall, Pabor, Fisler, Goldsmith, Coughlin, Hodes, Mincher, Fox and Hooper, for the one, and Malone, Leech, Mills, Gilbert, Force, Powers, Robinson, Pinkham, and Young for the other. 2. We think the former is slightly in the ascendancy.

C. E. A. D., Fort McPherson, Nebraska.—1. Betting on a sure thing is all right, providing no fraud is practiced by the bettor. 2. The score between McDevitt and Foster was 1,268 to 1,262 in the former's favor. McDevitt's average was 21 29-59; Foster's, 21 23-59. Foster refused to play except under protest, and his opponent was declared winner. 3. See answer to "Amateur."

J. F.—1. We cannot inform you. Address a letter to *Bell's Life* office, 170 Strand, London, Eng. 2. We do not think they ever attempted to run a mile in public in so short a time on record in England is 18 miles in 15 minutes, by a special train, from Paddington to Slough; in this country, 91 miles in 90 minutes, special train, Jaynesville, to Chicago, Ill., in 1868.

J. H. C.—1. You would no doubt have trouble if you started with the company, as he has left instructions with his lawyer to prosecute. 2. A copyright costs one dollar, and can be obtained at the Clerk's Office of the District Court, in Chambers street, in what was formerly Burton's Theatre.

CLIPPER READER, Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Write to Old Bill Tovee, in our care. 2. Get Ed. Price's work on self defence, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, Ann street, this city. It is ridiculous to imagine that any person can learn boxing without receiving instructions or in some one capable of teaching.

SAY AND SEAL, Easton, Pa.—According to the "Rules of the Diamond Club" we are of opinion that matches therefor should not be played in other cities than those named, unless by consent of the donors of the cup and the professionals who are contending therefor.

BAD LUCKEY.—1. The song and dance of "Nicodemus Johnson," was written by J. B. Murphy, for S. S. Purdy, and first danced by him. 2. Frank Kerns is a good comedian. 3. Ask George. 4. Both of the gentlemen are good, but probably McAndrews takes the lead a little.

J. R., Scranton, Pa.—Herzog made the fastest even mile time (1:43¾) ever run in this country. Gladiateur is stated by the London sporting journals to have run the Two Thousand Guineas Course, 1 mile 17 yards, in 1:39, but we do not endorse the reliability of this record.

W. L.—1. The idea is a good one and will be held under consideration. 2. Beside Sudlow came from Brooklyn, where her parents at present reside. Lizzie Kelsey is one of the "Black Crook" importation, and Edith Challis came from England to play in "After Dark."

A. AND B., New Bedford, Mass.—1. That with Malpas is the first battle in which Bob Brettle is on record as having been engaged. 2. A is wrong; no one but the man taking the responsibility of the trump by taking it up, ordering it up, or making it can play alone. Rod Tor, Chicago, Ill.—1. Treacy, M. King and Chilburt. 2. George Wright. 3. According to the latest report, c. Meyerle; p. Atwater; 1st b. McAtee; 2d b. Wood; 3d b. Flynn; s. s. Hodges; l. f. Treacy; c. f. M. King; r. f. Chilburt, with Weaver as substitute.

C. A. S., Brooklyn.—The CLIPPER's correspondence is very extensive from every point of the compass, but our dealing with them is only connected with news, of which matters connected with your question is not a part, so that we are unable to answer you.

W. Y. H., Philadelphia.—1. There is no record of Eclipse's time. 2. Gladiateur was reported by the English sporting papers to have run 1 mile 17 yards (the Two Thousand Guineas' Course) in 1:39. 3. The fastest even mile in this country is Herzog's, 1:43¾.

M. N. G., Boston.—Yes, the hand you send can be beaten in play by two fours and two trays (or C and G respectively; thus:—C 4, G 4 (2), C 4, G 4 (12), and the trays in the same order, which would take a score of 12 for C and 28 for G. In all, 40.

OLD RIGHT FIELD, Middletown, Conn.—1. Undoubtedly they will, as they have excellent material. 2. Both. 3. Yes; if your views were taken on that subject what would become of our professionals, as they are only transient residents

JOE MILLER.—1. Allison and Ferguson are considered about equal, and are the best. 2. Undoubtedly. 3. George Wright. 4. Cannot say until they select their nine. 5. So the Athletic authorities say; therefore he cannot play with the Haymakers.

J. D., Petroleum Centre.—Your opponent should have scratched his dog after fighting ten minutes, but failing to do so, and taking his dog out of the pit, he loses the money. If his dog had scratched, he would have won the match.

W. J. M., Phila.—C had no right to stop the running of the white ball after missing the red ball, as it would have scored against him if it had gone to any of the holes. He is only entitled to one play at the red ball on the spot.

ANONYMOUS, Toledo.—1. There is no work published on the subject of pool selling. 2. It means that you agree to take so much ready cash for the note, instead of waiting until the time is expired when the note becomes due.

J. W. C., Centralia.—1. Sayers never fought Mace. 2. If you have read the articles upon the subject which have appeared in our columns at different times you must be acquainted with our views; if not, we cannot give them here.

O. W. S., Wheeling.—The salary would certainly be greater, but it is not a desirable line that performers find employment. You would not be too old to learn if you were double your present age. It is hardly good enough for that.

CORIOLANUS.—1. The lady you mention is not that gentleman's wife. 2. He is not considered so now, but gives promise of becoming greater than was his father. 3. Seventy-five dollars a week.

J. B. HOUSTON, Chicago.—At the block game, a player must play if able to do so, and therefore B, holding in his hand a domino that could go, must play it, although he had knocked and shown his hand.

LALT, Belleville, Ontario.—Your statement is rather confused. However, as there seems to have been a misunderstanding between the two as to the terms of the bet, we advise that it be considered a draw.

DANDY TAT, St. Paul.—1. Write to Andy Leavitt, of the Howard Athenæum, Boston. 2. Ben Cotton is in Chicago, on the end, with Manning's Minstrels. 3. There is no champion banjoist.

H. H. H., Leavenworth.—Dexter's fastest time recorded is 2:17¼. In his race with Ethan Allen and mare he made 2:16, but as he did not win the heat it does not go on the record.

R. L. C., Louisville.—Rita Percy first appeared in New York at the Theatre Comique, Sept 27, 18.9. She is at present in this city, quite sick; she has been so for the past two months.

W. K., Osceola Club, Pittsburgh.—Too late. You should have been more prompt in furnishing the figures, then they would have appeared. 1869 has closed; we are now in 1870.

NORA, Philadelphia.—*Innocence* is pronounced as dang-suhnz; *excrciate*, ang-saingle; *miserie*, nah-ivy-ial. The latter word means candor, simplicity, ingenuousness innocence.

ELEPHANT, Phila.—1. He scores Jack as soon as turned. 2. A man can win on a certainty, if he has used no fraud or misrepresentation to induce the bet being made.

INQUISITIVE, Baltimore.—1. Lotta is of English parentage. 2. The Worrells are of American parents. 3. Mr. Owens will play in your city, probably, before the season closes.

H. M. W., Central City.—1. Helen Western did play an engagement at the Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia. 2. They never acted together in "East Lynne" at the Walnut.

POCAHONTAS, Easton.—You are both wrong. Tom Wonder never paced a mile in 2:11, but in Pocahontas' 2:17½ the fastest time on record. Billy Pesce paced a mile in 2:14¼.

EUREKA, Baltimore, Md.—You can procure Ed. Price's work on boxing and training by making application to Dick & Fitzgerald, publisher, Ann street, this city.

SUSQUEHEE, Wilkes Station.—Not in our line, otherwise we should be pleased to oblige. Were we to commence such notices we should be flooded with them.

CONSTANT READER.—The horse winning the money is declared first. A horse coming in short of his weight is declared distanced, even if he passes the post first.

L. J. S., New York.—I don't think Starr has not left the Atlantics. 2. They have not decided upon their nine for this year. 3. Charley Smith is the better third baseman.

FRANK, Cincinnati.—1. Pike's Opera House, in your city, was capable of seating nearly three thousand persons. 2. She gets one half of the gross receipts.

W. W. W., Virginia City.—1 The Marquis ran second to Caractacus for the Derby in 1857 and won the Doncaster st. Leger. 2. Mace is in his 38th year.

JAS. R. LEVINS, Ontonagon, Mich.—1. Not for 22 weeks. 2 Have not decided yet. 3. Yes, in this vicinity. 4. The wife of Robt Butler, the clown.

ONLY MR. Shepherdstown, West Va.—As no names are given, the communication would be of no interest to anybody. Thank you for the offer.

ATLANTIC, Bridgeport.—In laying into the pocket purposely was an evasive rule not to be allowed in sporting affairs on the square, consequently D won.

C. G.—Robert Stickney never turned a double somersault over two horses; he did over one. James Madigan accomplished the feat over two.

J. M. K., Boston.—B can compel A to play the game out after the latter has turned the trump card. He cannot take advantage of his own wrong doing.

J. B., New Bedford, Mass.—1. Jackson, the "American Deer," ran two miles in 24 minutes 57 seconds. 2. Bill Lang ran 10 miles in 61 38.

J. D. W., Central City, Colorado.—In the absence of any stipulation to the contrary, the rules governing the three ball game here apply.

RIP, Matteawan, N. J.—Much obliged for the report you sent us, but we never notice such affairs, as we have not the room to spare.

N. P., Boston, Mass.—We are quite certain such a statement never appeared in our columns, but we have not the time to spare necessary to research our files for the information.

STAKEHOLDER, New Orleans, La.—That is something about which we know nothing, and it is to delicate a subject for us to inquire about.

JOHN JOYCE, Philadelphia.—1. Three nines and two trays beat three fives and two queens at whiskey poker. 2. Thirteen innings is the longest number ever played in a game of base ball.

CHARLEY, Baltimore.—1. We cannot furnish you with that back number. 2. Cannot inform you when she will appear in your city.

L. Lotta.

MOSE, Troy.—The CLIPPER is mailed from this office Tuesday morning of each week. The fault must be in your post office arrangements.

CARROLL, New Haven.—1. We have heard his partner's name mentioned, but forget it now. 2. A company composed of a few of Wallack's party did play in New Haven.

CURLEY, Bay City.—The London *Times* is a daily paper and the New York *Ledger* a weekly; therefore there is no comparison between them.

J. MORRIS, Brooklyn.—1. Enterprise, of Brooklyn. 2. No; he will remain with the Atlantics. 3. Union grounds, Tremont, N. Y., it is reported.

W. F. S., Charlestown, Mass.—The performance having taken place last summer we cannot, at this date, give space to the sketch.

C. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. The statement is not properly authenticated. 2. The fastest mile walking time is 6:42, by Boyd.

J. E. B., Hudson, Wis.—It is was a mislead the bet is void, but your statement is so obscure we cannot understand it clearly.

CONSTANT READER.—Write to him or some prominent state officer. That's what we should have to do to get the information.

TITUSVILLE.—1. The six is invariably high in throwing dice. 2. The tie must be thrown off; they do not commence again.

G. W. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—The stroke and bow oars should be at least four inches shorter than the midship.

O. AND G., Cincinnati.—D, having only bid two, cannot amend his bid after E has offered three points for the pitch.

MINERS, Eureka, Cal.—The champion can show over twenty movements—probably twice as many.

HOWARD, Boston.—We cannot give such a statement, as we have not got a complete list for the year.

H. B. W., Harlem.—Enquire of the proprietor of any shooting gallery.

PLANEMER, New York.—Hiram Woodruff drove Dexter in many of his races in public.

AMATEUR.—The highest count is 1,683, credited to McDevitt, in his match against Goldthwaite.

J. H., Providence, R. I.—Yes, they saw each other more than once before they fought.

G. L. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Heenan and King fought at Wadhurst, Eng.

J. G., Oil City, Pa.—We cannot insert your card unless you send a deposit.

FLATBUSH, Brooklyn.—Idlewild and Abdel-Kader both beat Fashion's time.

M. McD., Franklin, Pa.—You are all wrong. Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.

J. F., Altoona, Pa.—1. We never heard of such an apparatus being in existence. 2 No.

E. A. L., Cincinnati.—A. L. Parker, of Wood's Museum, this city, is his agent.

A FRIEND, Cincinnati.—We cannot inform you respecting Clara's future movements.

BILL, Hermitage.—It is the same gentleman that was in the pawnbroking business in Cincinnati.

"ISLAND," New York.—Fisler is the best of the three mentioned, therefore is J. wins.

JOS. N., Buffalo, N. Y.—Mace is in his 38 h year; Allen is about ten years his junior.

S. F. W. R., Troy.—To the best of our knowledge he is a square man. Write to him again.

SCALPEL, Lock Haven, Pa.—The Jack is the highest and seven spot the lowest.

W. H. L., Baltimore.—The lady is not dead, but resides in this city.

O. W. C., Baltimore.—We know of no place in your city where you could learn the art.

H. L. JACK, Syracuse.—At seven up the non dealer takes game in case of a tie.

REFEREE.—We cannot undertake to decide on any such senseless matches.

GREENHORN, Hannibal.—Of the two a stereopticon would be preferable.

J. AND B., Holyoke, Mass.—Low, Jack, counts before high, game; B therefore wins.

J. D. T., Highland Station, Texas.—If you wished to include everybody you should have sent money with your letter.

A. B. C., Cleveland, O.—Gladiateur's running time, according to the English sporting journals, is the fastest in England.

IXION, San Francisco.—She is the mother of the two ladies you mention. They resided in Philadelphia for several years.

OLD C. R., New York.—The game of Faro has been played more than 100 years, for we find it referred to in old authors.

A. G. C., Atlanta.—The penalty for a misdeal at casino is the loss of the game to the dealer.

HARVEY.—The Old Bowery Theatre was burnt down May 26th, 1828; Sept. 21st, 1826; Feb. 19th, 1838, and April 24th, 1845.

F. D. V. JACKSON, Montana, Iowa.—We have no data by which we can answer your question.

FRANCIS, New York.—1. See base ball column. 2 Munn, of the Alphas, we believe.

LA ROSE, St. Louis.—1. Sixty cents for each insertion. 2. We do not.

R. of R.—1. Because D. won't have anything to do with him. Besides, Sam has a match on hand. 2. Can't say.

METROPOLITAN.—Three fives beat three aces at throwing dice.

F. B. Washington, D. C.—Seymour's majority was exactly 10,000.

BILL R.—Address her in our care.

IXION, Toledo.—We have put the CLIPPER on exchange.

RICHARD, New Orleans.—The lady is a widow.

B. B.—See answer to D. E. B., in last week's CLIPPER.

J. B. B., St. Paris.—The numbers you enquire for are out of print.

DING, Haverhill.—A catch, therefore a drawn bet.

READER, Elizabeth.—Flora Temple's fastest time was 2:19¾.

BOLIVAR.—We do not believe there is—consult some physician.

A HOOSIER, Bluffton, Ind.—Low Chase, ground out before high game.

ANTIOCH, Cleveland.—We cannot inform you where he is.

J. W. G.—Twelve—8 x by fifteens and six for pair royal.

HEX.—20c. for each insertion.

S.—Respectfully declined.

J. T. F. R.—Accepted.

C. K., Toledo.—Not at present.

J. G., St. Louis.—Ninety cents due.

J. C. D., Atlantic B. B.—See paragraph in our ball column.

M. P. C., Charlestown, S. C.—He's alive.

H. S.—See answer to J. C. C.

HAMPTON, Toledo, O.—We have no record of his time.

EXCELSIOR.—Six dollars and ninety cents.

A THEATRICAL REQUIREMENT.

There is something which, we dare say, has impressed itself powerfully on the minds of the more discriminating members of a theatrical audience. It is the irregularity of emphasis and pronounciation, painfully manifest in many of our plays—a defect which would never occur were the stage manager up to the higher requirements of his position, and a man, beside, capable of understanding them. The fault we refer to is most common in plays of an historical character; and it was not long since, on the occasion of the representation of "Richelieu," with a "star" as the Cardinal, that we realized more than ever before this lack in proper theatrical government. There, we had a name historically familiar to us, and whose correct sounding we should have imagined to be patent to all but the merest verdants in the profession, pronounced in, at least, half a dozen styles. Some of the performers gave it the long e, some the short, and others left out the vowel altogether. This we thought unfortunate at the moment, seeing how great a stress in the bills had been laid on the "correctness of costume and scenery," not to say much about the "superlative merit" of the acting.

There are two causes, each very potent in its way, that have to be taken in this connection. One we have already mentioned; the other must be sought in the interference of what are called the "luminaries" of the profession, in what, speaking by the card, does not legitimately belong to them. To make ourselves intelligible on this point, let us just take a glance at the *modus operandi* of a "star" when he or she consents for a brief season to illuminate the atmosphere of an ordinary theatre. That "star" as a matter of fore conclusion has his own business, and while he is reflecting his supposed or real light in his temporary orbit, rules, with despotic sway, to the prejudice of the Stage-Manager. This system plays sad havoc with the stage. It is not alone the scenery of the same that must be altered, but also the acting of the minor characters must be dictated—all to the end of pandering to the said "star," so that he should stand, not the centre alone of the little system, but what is much more, the all absorbing light. So far as the true purposes of theatrical representation are concerned, nothing can be more erroneous than this, its end being the delineation of a single character: whereas, a play to be worth anything, ought, like a good picture, to be harmonious, giving us light and shade, and a due harmony of character, showing of course a central figure, but not obliterating or making ridiculous all others.

This undue exaltation of one performer over all the rest has done more to cramp rising talent than anything else—has been destructive of the discipline of the stage and a subject of annoyance to those who admire acting, and know what it ought to be. In illustration of this we may submit one fact, which will not be the less acceptable to the readers of the CLIPPER because it refers to an actor with whom, "in his image as he lived," thousands of them are familiar. We speak of the late Gustavus Brooke. This gentleman, many years ago, having been offered a London engagement by a London "star," was requested by the latter to call on him and read a part. He did so, and *how* he read it no one who remembers the actor can doubt. But his style did not suit the "eminent," who suggested various changes, all, of course, to the intent and purpose of lessening the effect of Brooke's part, and of enhancing that of his own. The result was, that the provincial actor indignantly broke off with his metropolitan "patron," and went back to the place whence he had come, there to await a fairer chance of working his way in London than he then could see. This was in 1841; it was 1847 before Brooke made his metropolitan *debut*. What is the arithmetic and reason of this? Simply, that an excellent actor lost six years, all on account of the selfish overbearing of a "star."

It is impossible, we think, for people to ponder over facts like these without awakening to the consciousness that something like carefully formed and faithfully executed laws should govern the stage, and that the functionary known as Stage Manager should know precisely the nature of his duties, and be capable of acting up to them. He should not rest satisfied in the ordering of scenery and the other mechanical adjuncts of the boards, but look to the proprieties of language and bearing in those among the actors who are uninstructed on those points, and never become a mere cypher in the establishment to which he belongs, just because a "star" was then in the ascendant.

We have heard our projentors talk of the times when plays, to be acted at all, must be acted with sustained excellence, which they are not now, when it seems to be the belief that the worse the subordinate players are the better it is for the chief and the audience as well; better it may be for the one, but how much worse for the other! And we have ourselves some recollection of the time, ungarnished, as it was, with the splendors of upholstery, though unmarred by what we have to deplore in the more modern rendition of text and character. The day has come, we conceive, when there should be a zealous movement made towards a change, which cannot be better brought about than by the application of some definite rules to our stage, and this issue we shall, perhaps, be rendering more patent to the comprehension of our readers when we declare our desire that the Stage Manager of a theatre should be invested with such power as, while it restrained him from vexatious interference with capable performers, should give him a supervision over those who are not—should empower him to consult the harmonies of pronounciation as well as those of scenery, and above all, not ignore his existence in the presence of a "star" bent only on its own shining, with stronger or feebler ray.

GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, as our readers have been informed, is dead, and divers communities are claiming the honor of his birthplace for their particular balliewick. The question is therefore raised as to where *he* was raised, and considerable wrangling will be the result. It matters nothing to him where he was born, now that "he has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns."

TIME!—One of Our Jim's friends—a shopkeeper—was complaining of how he had been victimized by a guardian of the peace whom he had trusted, when the boy made the sage remark that "the watch was generally given to *tick*."

MISSED FIRE.—In view of the efforts making in this vicinity by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to put an end to pigeon shooting, chicken disputes, it may be well to call the attention of the parent society to a decision which has just been rendered by the Recorder of Philadelphia against the S. P. C. A.'s of that city. It appears that on the last day of January a pigeon shooting match was announced to take place at a resort in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. An agent of the society put in an appearance to note the extent and progress of the "cruelty," and on the following day two of the parties interested in the match were arrested, and on the 2d inst. a hearing took place before the Recorder, when proof of the shooting was given, and other facts elicited during the examination, at the conclusion of which the Recorder gave his decision, saying that the killing of a domestic bird for food is not a violation of law in Pennsylvania, and that there is no law in that state against pigeon matches. The defendants were therefore discharged. If these societies would give greater attention to the overcrowding of passenger cars, overloading of trucks, and other constantly arising evidences of real cruelty to that noble animal, the horse, their time would be more beneficially spent than by interfering with bird matches. There is a wide field in every large city for the exercise of the good intentions of the anti-cruelty to animals societies, and while we admit that they have already accomplished wonders in the way of saving the brute creation from cruelty, we at the same time wonder that they are wasting their usefulness in hunting after birds and chickens.

ALL THE RAGE.—Balls have been all the rage of late, and *some* body has been deriving considerable sustenance therefrom. We heard of one given a short time since, the manager of which formed a "ring," and made away with the proceeds, to the disgust of the association. This affair might very properly be termed a *rifle* ball.

THE COMING MILL.—It is to be hoped that MESSRS. Allen and Mace, in their approaching set-to in the ring, will show, by their handiwork, that the requisite structure can only be reared by those who act on the square. Let this be *their* golden rule, which will not fail to bring a grist to their mill.

GOSSIP.—Brooklyn has a divorce case pending which, it is said, will—if pushed to trial—"seriously compromise a prominent clergyman and a deacon of his church." Can't the little matter be "amicably arranged," so as to avoid further publicity? Surely there is but little harm in "the lambs of the fold *playing* together."

WHICH IS IT?—Between the warmth displayed toward their President by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the coldness *he* manifests toward those whose fun he wishes to interfere with, it is difficult to determine whether he is a nice Bergh or an iceberg.

KILLED AGAIN.—Intelligence has just reached England of the death of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer. A year or two ago he was reported as having been chawed up by some of his own men; now it is said that he has been burned up as a wizard.

KING LAGER.—The new city charter now under consideration in our State Legislature modifies the Excise Law so far as to permit the unrestricted sale of lager bier on Sundays. 'Ail, all 'ail!

CASE OF DISMISSAL.—The *World* says that Wm. Irving has been dismissed from the police force, because he neglected to arrest a ruffian, who committed an assault on an *offensive* citizen.

JUST SO.—A Brooklyn milkman was lately arrested and locked up for adulterating his milk. Brooklyn might find other adulterers than those of the lacteal if she wiped her spectacles.

THE SEASON having been so mild, shoe dealers have been unable to dispose of their large stock of rubbers, and the surplus will be offered next winter as left-over shoes.

IN AGAIN.—J. G. Bennett, Jr., has been re-elected *Vice* Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. "Our Jim" says he's the right man in the right place.

THE PHILADELPHIA RIFLE CLUB have purchased nineteen acres of land near the Falls of Schuylkill, which they intend fitting up for German festivities and rifle practice.

PEOPLE HEREAWAY are beginning to manifest a warm interest in the eastern ice crop, the chances of raising a crop of their own being rather meagre.

CAN THE waiter girls who attend on customers in Broadway and other dives be appropriately called *dive-ing belles?*

Squibs and Things.

—"A pupil of Baron Liebig has discovered certain ethers, which, when poured upon certain chemical compounds, instantaneously produce precious stones of all kinds." If the above is a "true fact," diamonds are likely to become as common as cheap watches. But it's not unlikely the "truth" of the matter is about what the transposed syllables of the baron's name would signify.

—AN editorial eulogist of the late George D. Prentice says:—"His editorials were full of amazing richness of thought, swarming, like an ant hill, with stirring, poetical, unique, chaste, grotesque ideas and images. As an editor he had no equal, from the flaming cataracts of his eloquence and poetry down to the splendid filth of his abuse."

—A piano manufacturing firm in this city, having published that they paid certain of their operatives $50.37 per week, two men sent and compared accounts, when it was found that they *were* receiving an average of $19.61 per week. Somebody's arithmetic must be wrong; of course it *can't be the employers?* Oh, no.

—At a late printer's festival the following toast was given:—"The Printer—the master of all trades; he beats the farmer with the hoe, the carpenter with his rules and the mason with setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his cases, and beats the parson in the management of the devil."

—The Kansas negroes believe that the Fifteenth Amendment exempts them from punishment for transgressing the laws. The belief one of them is charged with an attempted outrage upon a white girl. If the negroes take that view of it, what will some of the "poor white trash" hereaway do?

—Miss Susan B. Anthony says she never knew so many persons suffering from sore throats as she found in Washington when looking up Congressmen to speak at the Suffrage Convention. "Our Jim" says throats are used more in Washington than anywhere else, chin music being the prevailing amusement.

—All sorts of capers are cut up in Chicago. It is announced that a Mr. Kinsman, who acted as custodian of the funds belonging to one of the churches, has been arrested for appropriating $24,000 of the money and making false entries in his accounts to hide the deficiency. He must be a bad kinsman.

—On the first day of January, 1869, Grundy County, Iowa, had a cash balance on hand of five cents, and on the first of January, 1870, there remained in the county treasurer's hands eleven cents. Old Grundy doesn't live beyond *its* means, that's certain.

—It is reported that the Rev. H. B. Cooke is "expiating his offences by a *forced residence with his mother-in-law.*" If his mother-in-law is "up" to the usual standard of that class he will most likely find that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is after the *Tribune* folks with a very sharp pointed stick for not printing "careful or truthful reports"—as they claim to do—of the Woman's Suffrage Association. Better "speak the truth and shame the devil."

—Mr. Porter, of Cortland Co., N. Y., has been predicting that next summer is to be the dryest summer we have ever had, and that on the third day of June a great many people will be killed, who will be buried on the 7th.

—A large tin sign in Detroit, representing a gold pen, was recently torn from its fastenings by the wind and carried up into the air, and, descending, its point penetrated the back of a dog, killing him instantly.

—Six hundred and three persons are confined in the lunatic asylum at Flatbush, L. I. That's the number of admitted lunatics—we are not told how many more are "lying around loose" in that vicinity.

—An evening paper, in speaking of the improvements at Bellevue Hospital says:—"Ushers will be on hand to show builders over the building." Why "builders" more than tailors or cord-walkers?

—A nautical instrument maker of San Francisco has made a telescope for the Merchants' Exchange of that city, by which the names and signals of vessels can be distinguished fifteen miles at sea.

—An Englishman is collecting funds to defray the expenses of an exploration of Mount Ararat. He wants to hunt up the relics of Noah's Ark. Do the contributors see air-a-rat in that meal bag?

—A new steam fire engine, weighing 5,800 pounds, raised steam, in Cincinnati, in three minutes and twenty-nine seconds, and threw water 259 feet, through an inch and a quarter nozzle, recently.

—The Massachusett's Supreme Court has decided that the owners of gambling instruments seized by legal process cannot be deprived of them without an opportunity to be heard in the courts.

—A sensational preacher in Iowa conducts Sunday services in a billiard saloon, opening church with beer all around and closing with a treat for the crowd. He draws large audiences.

—The duel between Beige and McCoppin, of San Francisco, is off. Mr. McCoppin has apologized and acknowledged that he insulted Mr. Beige under a misapprehension of facts.

—"The West Side Elevated railroad is nearly ready for operation." It seems to us that we heard something like that when we were in our "first trowsers." Can it be the same old railroad?

—Beets weighing from five to thirty-five pounds are raised in California—the average yield of the crop is about three quarters of a pound per foot or fifteen tons to the acre.

—A meeting of school teachers, at Cambridge, Mass., lately decided—by a vote of forty-six to eight—that corporal punishment in schools cannot—with safety—be abandoned.

—Little Rock, Arkansas, employs American citizens as policemen, provided they are of African descent. That's what they call a decent way of providing for their Ham-ites.

—Peter Augboet, of 330 East Fifty-fourth street, a German, died on the 31st ult., in St. Luke's Hospital, this city, of a gunshot wound, received on Jan. 16 while out after rabbits.

—The Fire Department of this city costs $1,000,000 a year; that of Chicago, $300,000; Cincinnati, $338 000; Boston, $700,000; Baltimore, $95,542, and Louisville, $85,000.

—"Queen Bess," with the auburn hair, was lately arranged at the Tomb's police court, charged with being drunk and disorderly. Let other "Queens" take warning.

—A horse thief in Tennessee was lately tried on two indictments. On the first he was cordemned to death, and after—on the second—to twenty years' imprisonment.

—Three hours were lately occupied in marrying a couple in Rhode Island, two-thirds of which were spent in prayer. What a wicked pair they must have been.

—The gambling houses of Bryan, Texas, are furnished with brass bands—the rowdies of this city are furnished with brass knuckles, and the loafers with brass faces.

—An old lady lately bought a shroud for her husband, remarking "he's not dead yet, nor sick, but I'll never be able to get it so cheap again." Considerate old gal.

—A Mobile paper is printed on paper made from the okra plant. An exchange says:—"The material is appropriate—the paper itself is but medi-ocre." G'lang.

—A Wisconsin clergyman, who has been preaching against marriage, is ascertained to have upward of nine wives living in different parts of the country.

—An exchange, in speaking of the Long Island Railroad, says:—"The train encountered a cow on the track and was promptly killed." Bully for the cow.

—An exchange says:—"An Illinois man has married *his* fourth widow." Guess not. Think he must have got some other chap's "widder" every time.

—A lunatic—Miss Maria Monad—confined in the Flatbush Lunatic Asylum, has inherited $40,000. Hereafter she'll only be thought a "little eccentric."

—The superintendent of the Massachusetts lunatic hospital says that the excess of insane females over insane males is becoming more and more marked.

—It cost over $75,000 to recover the remains of Mr. Powell, the Englishman, who, with his wife and others, were murdered in Abyssinia last spring.

—A farmer in Wisconsin sells all his "small eggs," and keeps the larger ones for his own use. He's bound to eggs-ist off his chickens, it would seem.

—A lively fight is going on in a Wisconsin town for the postmastership, which yields an income of $8 a year. Smallest favors thankfully received.

—Dr. Brenzeiger, of this city, and his brother, of Germany, have just finished, by letter, a game of chess which has been progressing for ten years.

—The banquet given by the President to Prince Arthur is said to have consisted of *twenty-seven courses*, and cost over five thousand dollars.

—Twenty-four cousins are now living in Connecticut and another in California whose united ages are 1,700 years. They're likely long "livers."

—The Professors at Dartmouth College have had their salaries raised from $1,500 to $2,000. Do the Professors profess to live on that pittance?

—The statue of Nathaniel Greene, which Rhode Island has presented to the nation, is said to be the finest specimen of sculpture in the Capitol.

—A physician at Janesville, Wis., treats all who "call" on him to the cash flow. It is unnecessary to say his office bell keeps it's "clapper" going.

—A Mrs. Piers, of Newark, N. J., has just celebrated her hundredth birthday. Her cards were ornamented with the figures "1770-1870."

—A justice of the peace at Schenectady says verbal contracts must be stamped. There's many a "justice" ought to be "stamped"-out.

—The Governor of California has been presented with a silk flag thirty-six by twenty feet, manufactured from cocoons raised in that State.

—The dredging near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, for the caisson to be sunk to support the pier of the East river bridge is nearly completed.

—An Idaho newspaper publisher notifies all libel suit projectors to bring suit against *himself*, or "they won't amount to a hill of beans."

—A Wapakonetta, O., mother recently asked her daughter to "play the fashionable new 'malady' she got from Pittsburgh last week."

—Catherine Portugas, a colored woman, aged 125 years, a native of St. Augustine, Fla., died at Key West on the 9th of January.

—A wildcat that had been depredating on the pet squirrels in Court square, Memphis, Tenn., was recently killed by the keeper.

—There were forty suits for divorce on the docket at the recent term of the Supreme Judicial Court for Cumberland County, Me.

—Mr. James Coombs, an old New York printer, died on the 27th of January, in Brooklyn. He had nearly completed his 78th year.

—The expenses of the Cooper Union for the past year were $43,871.70, and the receipts $40,027.20. Profitable for some one.

—A six and a half foot black snake left his winter quarters in Newburgh last week and suffered an untimely death.

—There are 70,000 miles of telegraphs in the United States; 52,600 of which belong to the Western Union Company.

—President Grant has been presented with a suit of clothes made of Siberian fur and cut in the Siberian fashion.

—Two arrests were lately made in New Haven for stealing umbrellas. New Haven is not the thieves' haven it seems.

—Fifteen Fenians, who were sentenced to penal servitude in Australia, escaped, and have arrived at San Francisco.

—California farmers are now sowing their wheat. It is said that a much larger crop than usual is being put in.

—The new Sunday law in California took effect on the 30th ult. Many theatrical amusements were advertised.

—A chap at Leavenworth is said to have "swore a swear" two minutes long without a grammatical error.

—A bill to prevent the crowding of cars on horse railroads, is before the Legislature. Hope it may "pass."

—The Sons of Temperance in Virginia lately lost a Past Grand Worthy Patriarch from delirium tremens.

—The carriage that formerly belonged to William Penn is now owned in Cleveland, Ohio, by Captain Pierce.

—At a late fair in Brenham, Texas, the premium bale of cotton was exhibited by a couple of young ladies.

—The Albany shoemakers are indulging in a strike. Doubtless they think "it is never too late to mend."

—In joint convention of the Mississippi legislature John H. Surratt received one vote for U. S. Senator.

—Twenty-six distinct earthquake shocks were lately experienced in one night at Virginia City, Nevada.

—A California paper abuses a man because he backed out of a fight after getting both ears bitten off.

—The hucksters of Augusta, Ga., wear "badges." Does that make them badger their customers?

—Twelve hundred men were discharged from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the 29th of January.

—A man in Milwaukee lately had his fingers badly frozen while trying to freeze a soap bubble.

—One to one thousand is the proportion of churches to the population of South Bend, Ind.

—The receipts at the late fair of the American Institute was $61,000 and the expenses $40,000.

—The Chicago *Tribune* says:—"Cairo has abolished capital punishment in her schools."

—Five acre lots—used for agricultural purposes—are exempt from city tax in Indiana.

—The Rev. Lydia Sexton has been appointed chaplain of the Leavenworth penitentiary.

—It is proposed to put a pontoon bridge across the Missouri river at Nebraska City.

—A Connecticut chap has commenced manufacturing "imperishable paper coffins."

BASE BALL.

EAGLE vs. QUI VIVE.

The Eagle Club (composed of soldiers) met the Qui Vive Club, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., on the 29th ult., and proved that they could handle the "ash" as well as the musket. The score is:—

EAGLE.	H. L.	R.	QUI VIVE.	H. L.	R.
Shalkenback, c	4	7	Poper, c	5	3
Powers, p	0	12	Mahan, p	5	5
Nipe, 1st b	2	8	Goldson 1st b	3	6
Strong, 2d b	5	5	Smith, 2d b	3	6
Oxley, 3d b	4	7	Osborn, 3d b	3	5
Martin, s s	3	6	Richards, s s	1	7
Tobbs, l f	3	8	Manny, l f	3	4
O'Hern, r f	5	8	Calhoun, r f	3	5
Steirsen, c f	3	7	Beard, c f	4	4
Total		66	Total		45

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eagle	13	14	11	4	1	5	9	11	11	—66
Qui Vive	4	14	5	0	2	2	4	4	10	—45

Fly Catches—Eagles, 8; Qui Vive, 4. Out on bases—Eagles, 11; Qui Vive, 13. Umpire—George L. Fisher, of the Eagle Club. Scorers—Messrs. Davis and Smith. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

HAWTHORNE vs. OCCIDENT.

An exciting game was played in San Francisco between the Hawthorne Club and Second Nine of the Occident Club, on Saturday, 29th ult., which resulted in a complete victory for the former by thirteen runs. Following is the score:—

HAWTHORNE	H. L.	R.	OCCIDENT.	H. L.	R.
Scudder, 1st b	2	5	Bowen, 2d b	4	2
Roberts, c	3	4	Morton, s s	3	3
Ryan, rf	1	4	Palmer, 1st b	3	2
Davenport, s s	6	1	Webb, c f	3	2
Smith, 3d b	3	3	Bell, c	2	2
Church, l f	3	3	Reed, p	0	1
Broderick, 2d b	3	4	McKinley, p	4	2
Dungan, p	4	3	Robertson, 3d b	3	1
Forbes, c f	3	4	Low, l f	4	0
Total		31	Total		18

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Hawthorne	2	3	2	3	4	13	3	1	0	—31
Occident	1	0	0	0	1	5	6	0	7	0—18

Fly catches—Broderick, 1; Smith, 3; Davenport, 1; Dungan, 2; Church, 1—8; Bowen, 2; Palmer, 1—3. Umpire—J. Winrow, of the Mary's College Base Ball Club. Scorers—G. Roberts and G. Wilson.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

THE "BUCKSKIN" B. B. C., of Gloversville, held their third annual meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 31, and after a harmonious exchange of *greetings* proceeded to the election of the following officers:—President, Fred. E. Hotchkiss; Vice Presidents, A. C. Churchill, W. C. Allen, J. W. Brown, W. S. Wells, J. J. Wasson, Chas. Smith, Chas. Lyke, J. Fulton, L. C. Johnson, T. B. Howig, J. C. Hyman and Philo Mills; Recording Secretary, M. T. Bolton; Corresponding Secretary, A. St. Berry; Treasurer, W. D. West; Board of Directors, A. St. Berry, Wm. Sporborg and R. B. Hyman. This club now numbers 150 members, but the boys will not rest contented till they make the number 200, when they will close their doors and say "Room for no more."

ACTIVE, JR., B. B. C. OF CHICAGO.—This club held their meeting recently and elected the following officers:—President, D. Wagner; Vice President, C. Babcock; Secretary, T. H. Valiette, and Treasurer, J. Gillespie. This club played in 17 match games last season, winning 16 and loosing only one. They scored 572 runs against 240, their highest score being 71 against 39 and their lowest 14 against 5. This club claims the tittle of junior champions of the Northwest and would be happy to meet the Occidentals, of Quincy, in a home-and-home series, as both claim the above title, in order to decide which has the right.

CINCINNATI BALL ITEMS.—Our correspondent, "Crescent," informs us that another affair has just come to light in Porkopolis which reflects no credit on those concerned in it. On Tuesday, the 1st inst., Charles Sweasy, the "Red Stocking" second-baseman, was approached by a gentleman, registered on the books of the Gibson House as Davis, who represented that parties on east were very desirous to see him, and tendered him fifty dollars to pay his expenses. His story was that an individual named O'Brien, who he had an office over a bank in Newark, N. J., had furnished the money. Sweasy's answer was that he was one of the Cincinnatis and would not leave them. He was urged to come to New York as he would then have perfect liberty to return if he desired. In some doubt, Sweasy took the money and then proceeded to inform Messrs. Champion and Joyce of the affair. Under their advice the money was returned and the messenger was mildly reproved. It is only necessary to add that the latter's real name is Wolters, and that his brother is pitcher for the Mutuals.....Mr. A. B. Champion, whose marriage we chronicled last week, received as a present from some members of the Cincinnati Ball Club a splendid Steinway piano. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 2d, the nine called on Mr. and Mrs. C. at the Gibson house and presented him with a silver pitcher, waiter and goblets, and also an elegant picture of the nine. The inscription on the pitcher was the following:—"Presented by the First Nine of the Cincinnati Ball Club to President A. B. Champion, Feb. 2, 1870." On the salver is engraved the name and positions of the nine, with the inscription:—"From the Atlantic to the Pacific, *veni, vidi, vici*, 1869." Captain Harry Wright presented the articles in a quiet, feeling speech, which was fittingly responded to by the recipient.

THE HAYMAKERS.—This well-known club is getting ready for the coming campaign, and although they have lost six of their last year's nine, they still entertain hopes of getting together a team that will sustain the reputation of the club. The annual election of officers occured on the 26th inst., when the following gentlemen were chosen: President, James McKeon; Vice President, John H. Campbell; Corresponding Secretary, J. W. Scofield; Treasurer, Daniel Ford; Recording Secretary, John A. Sleicher. The President, Vice President, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer and nine other members comprise the following board of directors, thirteen in all:—Michael Morrisey, A. L. Hotchkin, Geo. A. Waters, T. S. Banker, R. B. Church, J. A. Mcdonald, E. J. Ford, P. J. Marsh and James H. Ingram. Hon. James McKeon still remains at the head of the club, and Messrs. Campbell and Scofield were also honored with a re-election. In regard to the latter gentleman the Troy *Press* says:—"It is but right for us to say that J. W. Scofield did not seek a re-election, but by unanimous request, accepted. His experience is too valuable to be dispensed with." Our own experience of Mr. Scofield warrants us in endorsing the commendation of the *Press*.

THE "MANSFIELD" B. B. C., OF MIDDLETOWN, CT.—This club have already elected their nine for 1870, and throw out a cleft to all New England clubs. They intend to make a tour through the east to meet and vanquish (so they say) the Harvard, Lowell and Trimountain clubs of Boston. They also send an invitation to all clubs, amateur and professional, to visit them, where they will give them a fair field and a good game. We hope they will come on and test the mettle with our Nutmeg boys. Their nine will be H. Sel. Plum, late of Rochester, as catcher; C. G. Bently, from Excelsior, of Waterbury, as pitcher; James Shay, from Hudson river, of Newburgh, New York, as first baseman; James Tipper at third base; Thomas H. Furniss, from Olympics, of Philadelphia, as short; Willis S. Arnold in the left; Hibbert Smith, Jr. from Forest City, of Middletown, in centre, and Benjamin Douglas, Jr., fills the right field. We are glad to hear that this club intend to keep the ball rolling in the "Nutmeg State." Base Ball has so long been dead there that it needs a real live club like the Mansfield to keep the interest up.

ST. MARY'S VS. YOUNG PACIFIC.—A game of base ball was played on the St. Mary's College grounds, San Francisco, on Jan. 23d, between the Young Pacifics and the College Club. At the beginning of the game the College boys, some of the scrubs only being allowed to take part, exerted themselves but little. The Pacifics, noticing this state of affairs, began to work the harder, and it was soon thought that the College Club would have to forfeit their title of "Champions of the Junior Clubs" to a club they had at one time beaten by twenty-two runs. The College boys, seeing their reputation at stake, began to exert themselves, and continued to go so until the end of the game, beating their opponents by ten runs. Particular mention may be made of the excellent playing of Cullen, Ames, Ashley and Dunn, of the St. Mary's, and Bartley, Burns and Connors, of the Pacifics.

THE LATEST GOSSIP.—Pinkham, the left-hander of the Eckfords, has joined the Olympics, of Washington.....The Mutuals have concluded to stay at their old quarters, the Union grounds, the ensuing season.....Dick Hunt is still a member of the Stars, but says he is open for one of those $2,000 engagements.....Pat. Dockney, the well known catcher, is open for an engagement for next season. Pat is taking better care of himself than ever before, and is looking tip top. There are few better general players than Dockney when he takes care of himself.

JOE START.—The announcement in our last about "Old Reliable" leaving the Atlantics and going to Chicago, was a little premature. Jimmy Wood, captain of the new Chicago nine, thought he had Joe, and so informed our reporter.

THE MUTUAL NINE.—The latest addition to the Mutual nine is that of Martin, the famous pitcher, who thus returns to the club in which he achieved his greatest renown. The nine is now complete.

AQUATICS.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

COULTER WILL ROW BROWN.

The card which appeared in our columns last week from Walter Brown, agreeing to row Henry Coulter a race of five miles for from one thousand to three thousand dollars a side and the championship, has brought the following response from the Pittsburgh sculler, which will, we think, have the effect of causing a speedy and satisfactory close of the negotiations:—

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 5th, 1870.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—In the last number of your paper I notice a card from Walter Brown, in answer to my challenge, recently published, offering to row him a single scull race. In your article introducing Brown's card, as well as the card itself, the inference was thrown out that I was not acting altogether "square" in publishing my defi in a local newspaper, and that I published the card for the purpose of gaining "journalistic notoriety" at home. I wish to state that such was not the case. I published the card in the Pittsburgh *Sunday Leader* in order that my friends at home might know as well my intentions as those abroad, and a copy of the *Leader* was sent you in the first mail east after its publication, in order that it might reach you in time for insertion in the CLIPPER. If Mr. Brown will agree to row me on the Monongahela river, on the same course upon which Hamill and I met last summer, I will give him two hundred dollars for expenses; and, inasmuch as Mr. Brown expresses his intention of rowing in the regatta here, which is intended to come off previous to our proposed race, he will make a couple of hundred dollars very easy, as he will receive the expense money, and the stay here a day or two longer for the race will cost him little or nothing. But, if Brown refuses to row me here, I will row him on the Hudson river, at Poughkeepsie, if he allows me the same expenses I offer him to come here—two hundred dollars. The race to be five miles—two miles and a half to a stakeboat and return—for a sum not less than one thousand dollars a side. If Mr. Brown will agree to either of the above propositions, I will cover his deposit at your office. HENRY COULTER.

CONTEST BETWEEN SMITHEYS.—Andrew Manning and R. M. Stratton, a brace of blacksmiths residing at Omaha, sometime since made a match, the conditions of which were that each man was to make 100 horse shoes, with the exception of the corks, the man completing the task in the smallest space of time—and in the best manner—to receive $100. Stratton made 101 horse shoes in 2 hours and 19 minutes; Manning accomplished his 100 after laboring 2 hours and 30 minutes. The judges decided that the work of each was equally good, and awarded the prize to Stratton on the ground of quickness.

THE MICHAEL C. MURPHY ASSOCIATION are to give their annual ball at Ferrero's Apollo Hall, Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, on Monday evening, Feb. 14th. We tender our thanks for an invitation to "jine in."

JAMES ADAMS AND WILLIAM CASSIN have signed articles to walk five miles at Christopher's, Water street, on Thursday night, 10th inst.

THE TURF.

The Long Branch Race Course.

OPPOSITION TO IT IN THE NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE.

The construction of a new race course in the immediate vicinity of Long Branch, N. J., and which it is anticipated will be inaugurated during the present summer, has already been alluded to in the CLIPPER. The want of a race track at Long Branch has long been acknowledged, being the only desideratum for rendering the delightful and fashionable seaside resort perfect and complete in its institutions for enjoyment and pleasure. Possessed of opportunities for witnessing the exciting sports of the racing turf, Long Branch could boldly challenge rivalry with Saratoga as a popular summer resort, possessing as it does unequaled facilities of access with New York and Philadelphia and their vast populations. To supply this want, a well known turfman of this city, Mr. John Chamberlin, last fall purchased a large extent of land, and at a cost of over $140,000 has had it enclosed and graded for a race course. The work of construction grading and erection of stables and outbuildings has been progressing without interruption throughout the winter, and it was expected that the course would be ready for a meeting in July. On Mr. Chamberlin applying to the New Jersey Legislature at Trenton for a charter for his race track, he suddenly found himself encountered by opposition from an unexpected quarter. It appears that some few years ago the Paterson Racing Association, finding their course decreasing in popularity and becoming an unremunerative concern, applied for and secured a charter for a race track at Long Branch. They, however, never took the slightest steps to carry out, practically, their charter by constructing a course, and they even allowed their own race meeting at Paterson to become defunct and leased the track to other parties. Now, however, that a race course is realized at Long Branch, through the enterprise and liberality of a private individual, one or two of this virtually defunct association, thinking they perceive a favorable opportunity for "bleeding" the proprietor and making him "come down" handsomely, are using every effort to defeat his exertions to secure a charter of incorporation in the legislature, on the ground that they hold a previously granted charter. Their policy strikingly partakes of the "dog in the manger" character, and all lovers of the turf will be gratified to learn that Mr. Chamberlin has every prospect of defeating his sport-marring opponents.

ALTERATION OF THE METAIRIE SPRING MEETING.—We learn from a circular sent us by the Secretary of the Metairie Jockey Club that the date of fixture of their spring meeting at New Orleans has been altered. It will commence on Saturday, April 2d, instead of the 16th, as originally fixed, and will continue six days. The Metairie Jockey Club sets the example of returning to specie payments, for on the two stakes for two year olds they give one hundred and thirty-seven gold eagles to the first and second horses, and sixty double eagles to the winning and second horses in the four mile heat sweepstakes for all ages. We believe the great match for $5,000 between Helmbold and Corsican, two mile heats, will be run over the Metairie Course during this meeting, although it does not appear on the programme. The omission, however, may have arisen from the circumstance that it is a private match between the owners of the respective horses of Messrs. Babcock and Bacon, over which the Jockey Club have no control. The contest between two such renowned race horses will add increased interest to the Metairie fall meeting.

TROTTING MATCH ON THE ST. CHARLES COURSE.—On Saturday, the 5th inst., a trotting match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off on the St. Charles Course, between Mr. W. R. Wilson's bay mare Lady Emily and Mr. R. Smith's bay gelding Fred, for $250 a side. The track was in capital order, and the day being fine there was a good attendance. Lady Emily had the call in the betting at 5 to 4, and after a fine contest she won the first heat by a length in 2:59. Odds of 10 to 6 were then laid on the mare, who won the second heat in 3:01 by a short length. She was now a great favorite and 4 to 1 was currently offered on her winning, which she did in the third heat after a most interesting race throughout, in 2:58. If the present fine weather continues we shall have many other trotting matches decided.

TWO RACE MEETINGS AT SARATOGA.—The Saratoga Racing Association propose this season giving two meetings at that fashionable watering place, instead of one, as formerly. The first regular annual meeting commences on Thursday, July 14th, and continues six consecutive days, Sunday excepted. There are three races on each day, and the magnificent sum of $13,200 is given by the association, to be run for in purses and added money to the stakes. The second race meeting commences on Friday, August 12th, and will also last six days, the association contributing $13,100 to the public money run for, making a grand total of $26,300 for the two meetings. At both gatherings steeple chases and hurdle races enter into the programme of the sport, the unqualified and brilliant success which attended the former description of race at Jerome Park last fall inducing the Saratoga managers to adopt it here.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN HORSEMAN.—Old trotting men will learn with regret of the death of Conklin Carll, once well known on the Long Island trotting turf as the owner and driver of the famous mare Miller's Damsel. He was blind for many years previous to his death, which took place at East New York.

BILLIARDS.

THE OHIO CHAMPIONSHIP.

CASPAR WINS THE CUP.

The match for the championship of Ohio and $200 a side, 1,000 points, push and crotch barred, each carom to count three, between John Williamson, of Cincinnati, (who won the cue at the tournament held in Porkopolis in December last), and Joseph Caspar, of Norwalk, came off at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the evening of the 2d inst., about one hundred persons being present. Harry Choate was chosen referee, Frank Ratterman scorer, and George Grumbrier marker. Game was called at eight o'clock. Caspar won the lead. At the commencement of the game Williamson led off and played for a while with considerable skill and determination. An unfortunate shot or two soon disconcerted him, and from that to the close of the game he seemed to play under great discouragement. Caspar, all the way through, played with great steadiness and nerve, and while the pushing on both sides lacked brilliancy, the game was rather exciting. The game lasted less than three hours and was won by Caspar by 225 points. We append the score:—

CASPAR—0, 21, 63, 9, 9, 3, 18, 9, 69, 36, 9, 6, 15, 9 21, 0, 3, 3, 0, 0, 3, 0, 27, 15, 27, 3, 6, 155, 51, 9, 3, 48, 0, 3, 15, 20, 6, 0, 3, 30, 0, 15, 54, 7, 0, 43, 66, 36, 21, 45 Total, 1,092. Average 23.

WILLIAMSON—12, 12 33, 6, 3, 27 6, 6, 0, 0, 6, 74, 0, 15, 9, 18, 51, 19, 9, 0, 0, 48, 18, 3, 15, 0, 12, 27, 3, 6, 3, 3, 3, 3, 21, 36, 24, 6, 0, 33, 81, 12, 24, 27, 3, 18, 9, 12, 21. Total 775. Average 16 1-49.

Harry Choate, who formerly held the trophy, has challenged the winner.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match between John Roberts (champion), and W. Clark, Jr., 1,200 up, even, for the champion gold cup and £100 a side, is to take place at St. James' Hall, London, on the 11th inst. The *Sportsman* speaks as follows of the vase:—

It is of novel form, and is surmounted by the John of Bologna figure of Mercury. On each side of the body sits a figure of Victory or Fame, extending a laurel wreath in one hand and offering a Maltese cross with the other. The body is richly embossed all over with morcesque ornaments. On one side is a *bas relief* in repousse work of a billiard room table, players and accessories; and a shield on the other side bears a suitable inscription. The whole is enriched by parcel gilding and furnishing, and the vase stands on an ebony pedestal, the total height being about 24in.; total cost, £120. Half a dozen gold enamelled Maltese crosses, at a cost of £5 each, are also ordered, one of which will be given to every holder of the Championship.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF INDIANA.—A match game of 1,200 points, for the Championship of Indiana and $200, between John Gregg, of Connersville, holder of the cue, and Jacob Garrett, of Indianapolis, was played at Groff's Hall, Connersville, on Jan. 27th, and was witnessed by quite a large number of interested spectators. Garrett was the victor by a score of 1,200 to his opponents 1,113. Winner's average, 17 1-7; losers, 16. Winner's highest run, 102; loser's, 99. Umpire for Garrett, Alex. McCracken, ex-champion; for Gregg, Chas. Milty; referee, Fred Ackerman, of Cincinnati. Time of game, 3 hours and 45 minutes. After the match, an exhibition game of 300 points was played, between Dan McCracken and Fred Ackerman, which was won by McCracken in two runs of 36 and 264, Ackerman scoring 9 points.

WATSON VS. BESSUNGER.—At St. Albans, on the 29th ult., Spark B. Watson, of that place, contested with Jacob Bessunger, of Montreal, in a push-barred game of 750 points, for $50 a side. There was no inconsiderable amount of betting outside, Bessunger being at first the favorite, though towards the close he had no's friend at two to one against him. The contest was very close. Watson, the winner, having a majority of 35 only. The winner's best runs were 76 and 62, and his average twelve and eleven-fifteenths. Bessunger's best two runs were 59 and 61, and average 12 7-59.

THE $2,000 GAME IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The telegraph announces that in the game at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, on the 31 inst., for $1,000 a side, between John Deery and Cyrille Dion, the former won by a score of 1,500 to 1,044. The winner's best run was 231, and average 18, 6-83. Surprising to relate, Dion, who in three games of 1,500 has made no better run than 154, got no higher on the 3d inst. than 120, and averaged but 12.

THE CANADIAN TAX.—It is believed that the efforts of Messrs. Phelan and Joseph Dion to reduce the tax on billiard tables in Canada will be successful. Mr. Phelan got back from Quebec on the 27th ult., and, we regret to say, has since suffered severely from an aggravation of the heavy cold he contracted while out west in December last.

RUDOLPHE VS. DEERY.—These experts have arranged to play their match at San Francisco on the 26th inst. Rudolphe was to have left Chicago on the 7th inst. He goes alone. Edward Daniels has entered his protest against the champion's playing two successive games at the city of his residence, but it is not likely to avail much.

CHANGE OF QUARTERS.—Melvin Foster has left New London, and is now the proprietor of the room in Norwich heretofore known as Bendick's. On the 9th inst. there is to be a formal re-opening of the establishment, when games will be played by Edward Daniels, Foster, and others.

J. ROBERTS (champion), and J. Bennett played a match, 1,000 points, for £25 a side, at the spot hazard barred game, Prince of Wales' Club, Blackfriars road, London, on Jan. 20th. The former won by 115 points, after a stubborn contest, occupying four hours.

DEATH OF WM. H. FREEMAN.—This well-known and generally esteemed professional was buried from this city on the 3d inst.

CHALLENGED AGAIN.—Cyrille Dion has challenged the winner of the next match for the Diamond Cue.

THE VELOCIPEDE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Though the *furore* created by the introduction of the bicycle was but short-lived and machines can be had from former enthusiasts for a mere song, there are a few who still adhere to their first love and aspire to the title of champion. Below we present a communication from F. R. Edbrooke, who claims the English championship, which is intended especially for the eye of A. P. Messenger. If the latter is prepared to make a match, let the affair be brought to a focus at once; if not, we must close our columns to any further talk between the men:—

BOSTON, February 5, 1870.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—I wish Messenger to understand that I shall take no further notice of his promises to come to terms in reference to a match. I now give him two weeks to put up or shut up. If he fails to notice this in some more substantial way than talking, I shall claim the long distance championship of America and be prepared to ride any man in the country in defiance of that title. By inserting the above you will greatly oblige yours very truly, F. R. EDBROOKE.

JOHN HASSETT, a sporting man of this city, died recently of rheumatism of the heart. His death was very unexpected and will be heard of with deep regret by those who knew him, for he was a genial, whole-souled man.

COCKING.

GREAT STATE MAINS IN THE SOUTH.—SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA VERSUS ALABAMA AND TENNESSEE.—A correspondent resident in Augusta, Ga., writes us that two great state mains have been arranged between the veteran turfmen, Major Thos. G. Bacon, representing South Carolina, and John A. Bohler representing Georgia, against Dr. Gee, of Selma, Ala., representing the states of Tennessee and Alabama. Both mains are for cocks; the first to commence in Augusta, Ga., on Wednesday, the 22d inst., to continue three days, and the second to commence in Selma, Ala., on March 22d, to last the same time. Each party to show 21 cocks in each main, from 4 pounds 8 ounces to 6 pounds 2 ounces; each fight to be for $100, and $2,500 on the odd fight of each main. These are the two largest mains that have been made in the South since the war, and the gentlemen interested are well known prominent fanciers.

MR. BERGH MAKES A RAID ON THE BROOKLYN COCK-FIGHTERS.—On Tuesday evening, the 1st inst., while the Brooklyn fanciers were enjoying a few shakebag matches at James Giddings' cockpit in Hudson near Myrtle avenue, a sudden descent upon the place was made by President Bergh and a stronge posse of deputies and police. The crowd became utterly demoralized, and although many escaped, the majority were arrested; eight game cocks also being included in the captured spoils. Some of the prisoners were fined $10 each, while the examination of the rest was adjourned. Giddings was admitted to bail, and he declared that if anything happened to the captured game cocks, he would hold Mr. Bergh responsible for cruelty to animals; for on a previous occasion a chicken had been captured, and it died in their hands from the treatment it received. Mr. Bergh, when Giddings was arraigned before the magistrate, moved that the eight cocks at the police station be confiscated, for to return them to their original owners would be to give them back to the same brutal use therein to made of them.

MAIN BETWEEN NEW YORK AND SYRACUSE.—A main of cocks came off at Syracuse on Thursday, the 27th ult., between New York and Syracuse; the fowls of John Mulholland representing the former city, and those bred by Mr. George Gilkerson, of Cortlandt county, the latter. Fifteen cocks were shown on each side, at weights ranging from 4 lb. 2 oz. to 6 lb. 8 oz., and eleven on each side fell in. It was for $50 a battle and $500 the main, and after a most determined contest, throughout which the fighting was splendid, Syracuse won the main by one fight. The winning cocks were of an imported north of England breed, and for gameness and quick, effective, fighting cannot be excelled. Some of the same strain were taken down south, to Mobile, by Capt. F. G. Moore, and we shall hear of their performances in some of the great mains fought in Alabama and Tennessee before long.

MAIN BETWEEN NEW HAVEN AND PORTCHESTER.—A main of cocks and stags came off at Salmon Rock, on the 20th ult., between New Haven and Portchester. The first fight was a shakebag; New Haven showing a 7 lb. 8 oz. pyle, and Portchester a 6 lb. black reed. The betting was 10 to eight on the heavy weight, but the black reed quickly cooked his goose for him, winning the fight in three minutes. In the second fight New Haven showed a handsome 4 lb. pyle and Portchester one of the same color two ounces lighter. This time New Haven won and crowed lustily, but prematurely, over the victory, for the next battle, Portchester brought out a black red 5 lb. 6 oz. against a New Haven pyle 5 lb. 5 oz. The black red was a capital fighter, and soon had the pyle defeated. A Salmon pyle represented Portchester on the fourth fight against a grand looking black red from New Haven. The latter was as good as he looked, and he polished off the pyle in five minutes. In the next fight the same kind of fowls were shown on each side, and with the same result, the New Haven black red quickly winning. Both sides sent in black reds for the following battle, and the victory this time perched on Portchester banners; time 7 minutes. Again were black reds shown in the ensuing fight, and again did Portchester win in 8 minutes. The last fight was between black reds also, and Portchester quickly won it and the main.

SCHENECTADY VS. ROTTERDAM.—THE LATTER VICTORIOUS.—A main between the cocking fanciers of the above named towns was fought at Schenectady on the 27th ult. Eleven were shown on each side, of which nine fell in. We give the summary:—

Fight.	*Schenectady.*	*Weight.*	*Won by*
1	Ginger red	Red spangle	4lbs. 6oz. Rotterdam.
2	Dominick	Spangle	4lbs. 9oz. Rotterdam.
3	White pyle	Red spangle	4lbs. 15oz. Rotterdam.
4	Blue dominick	Light red	5lbs. 2oz. Rotterdam.
5	Black red	Spangle	4lbs. 15oz. Schenectady.
6	Black red	Grey	4lbs. 4 oz. Rotterdam.
7	White pyle	Spangle	5lbs. 3oz. Schenectady.
8	Ginger red	Light red	4lbs. 9 oz. Schenectady.
9	White pyle	Birch grey	5lbs. 3 oz. Rotterdam.

MAINS MADE IN THE WEST.—A main has been arranged between Dr. Shackelford, of Maysville, Ky., and Mr. Thos. O'Neal, of Louisville, Ky., to come off in Cincinnati on Thursday, the 17th inst. Each party shows twenty-one cocks and fight all that weight on for $200 a battle and $1,000 on the odd fight. A second main has been arranged between Capt. John Warnock, of Cynthiana, Ky., and Mr. Chaser, of Paris, Ky., to come off at the latter place on the 10th inst. Each party show fifteen cocks and fight for $100 each battle and $200 on the odd fight.

THE STATES VS. CANADA.—A main of cocks has been arranged between well known fanciers, representing respectively Buffalo, N. Y., and St. Catherines, C. W., each party to show 15 cocks and fight all that fail in from 4lbs. 4oz. to 5lbs. 14oz., for $10 a side, gold, each battle, and $150 the odd. It is to take place at Lewistown on the 17th inst.

AFFAIRS ABOUT HOME.

GILDED SIN.

The Late Defalcation—What was Lost—How it Was Done.

"On the afternoon of Jan. 18th, a young man, John W. Collins, who for a number of weeks had been engaged in taking large and small sums of gold from the city treasury, and using the same in gambling games at several of the most fashionable gaming houses in Boston, was brought up in the Municipal Court, and, pleading an examination, was held in $10,000 for future examination. The following is a description of one of the haunts into which young Collins was enticed, and which he used to be found in fashionable streets of Boston:—

THE GAMING HOUSE.—The street is one of the most quiet and unfrequented places in the city. The establishment is located in an imposing brick edifice, of four stories, with a plain and unattractive front—no bay windows, no projecting cornice, and no display whatever. On approaching the main entrance the customer is met by a colored servant, and after ringing the bell, and in some manner indicating that he is "*comme il faut*," or as the Parisian has it that he is "*comme il faut*," he is admitted, and at once escorted up a broad stairway, which is most elegantly outfitted with the very costliest contributions of the upholsterer. This takes us up only one flight of stairs, where we are at once brought face to face with the mirrored door of the apartment, into which the young and old are introduced. After passing this door, you are met by another *attache* of the establishment, who is always dressed right up with the period. His position gives him great character in the house. In this case he happens to be a tall, thin and quiet man, who looks representative of Africa—not black but strongly dark. He is very gentlemanly in his address, and does his part of the "vocation" handsomely.

THE CHAMBER OF "FARO."—You are a guest now, and are so treated in every respect. No landlord, no landlady could extend to you greater civilities, but Saratoga-like, you are entertained at sideboard and table. Leaving the door with a brisk walk, such as a Parisian alone can give, you are introduced to the "Grand Commander," who, with checks in hand, red, white, and blue, receives your stamps for the rounded ivory. This is all done in a moment, and to the victim, like young Collins, it don't seem to be done at all. In the meantime, however, big and piercing eyes, with huge mirror reflections, begin to search out the new and the strange in the new comer. These and these reflections see and measure his pile, and they do it well. He is now most politely furnished with a seat at the table, but before doing this he is escorted up to the sideboard, where he is entertained in the most handsome manner with wine and viands. Everything in this apartment is of the most superb order. The walls are elegantly painted and frescoed, the designs that are interwoven with the interiors here and there, being of the most attractive and bewitching character.

THE GAMING TABLE.—How is this? Let us try to explain; checks cost money—as a general thing, all the money that you can get hold of. They are usually sold "in stacks," according to color, the whites (20 in a stack) selling for a dollar each, the reds $2.50 each and the blues $25.00 each—the latter being the kind that such young men as Collins are in the habit of purchasing. "Hold up, Mr. Dealer," is a remark that is very often heard in these apartments, and then it is that some sharp fowl thinks he has "seen something" and he accordingly stacks up a large pile of ivory on some one card. The dealer goes on with his business as if nothing had happened, which seems to be a sort of mechanical arrangement, and in a few minutes all the ivory is "raked" in and the white, red and blue purchasers have to make further investments before the game can go on. This they readily do, provided they have the money, as Collins had. When the game gets down into the neighborhood of the "last turn," the "vice commander"—who is generally an official of no mean magnitude—sings out, in a loud tone, "last turn, boys, four for one, if anybody calls it." The players, at this stage of the game, are all excited, and if they happen to have any ivory they bet it freely. Then they begin to sing out "a call" from all parts of the table, "ace-jack," "ace-deuce," "deuce-ace," "deuce-jack," and another man "coppers" the jack and plays the deuce to win. And in this way the game and the excitement is constantly kept up night and day. When a gentleman, like Collins, for instance, is "well in the box," then the proprietor will be seen darting around with a smile on his face and a general invitation is given out to this effect:—"Gentlemen, what will you all have?" Their orders are forthcoming, but in a few moments the game is concluded and the players return to their homes poor and deluded, if not, like young Collins, criminal victims. Such is an outline of one of the gilded places of sin into which young men are entrapped, even in Boston, the very Jerusalem of morals."—*Boston Herald.*

FARREN, the "Fort Howe Boy," was assaulted on the night of the 31st ult., while proceeding along a dark street in Williamsburg, L. I., by unknown parties, receiving a stab wound in the left side and having his right hand badly cut. His injuries are not by any means serious, however, and he states that he will be prepared to make a match with E. D. Davis whenever the latter is ready. Davis, we learn, was unlucky enough to sprain his ankle recently, and that is the reason assigned for not making the match before this. He says that he will do so as soon as he recovers.

C. N. PAYN, the well known long distance pedestrian, was in the city a couple of days last week, looking well. He has retired from the pedal arena, upon which he made a good record.

BEN. LYTLE AND GEO. DAVIS wrestled at Camden, N. J., off hand, on the 30th ult., best three out of five, fair back falls, for a purse. Lytle won. Patty Garwood was umpire for Lytle and Frank Strong for Davis.

AMUSEMENTS.

TO MANAGERS
OF THEATRES AND VARIETIES.
HARRY GUSE,
THE MAN FISH, is now open to receive engagements either to perform his celebrated feats in his Aquarium or in his great Double Trapeze Acts, assisted by the celebrated Female Gymnast, MARIE BASTIAN.
Also open to receive proposals from CIRCUS MANAGERS for the summer season. Address Clipper Office. 45-1t*

BURHOP'S OPERA HOUSE,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.
New, and elegantly fitted up for all kinds of theatrical and other performances. Address (45-8t*) H. BURHOP.

720 BROADWAY.
KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS,
COMMENCING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH,
after an absence of one year, during which time they visited the city of London, where their performances received the highest encomiums from the press and public.
KELLY & LEON return to the scene of their former triumphs with a company consisting of
THE ONLY LEON,
THE ONLY LEON,
MR. EDWIN KELLY,
MR. COOL BURGESS,
MR. S. S. PURDY,
MR. SAM PRICE AND A HOST OF OTHERS,
Shortly to be produced and first time in America, Herve's celebrated comic Opera, LE PETIT FAUST, with costumes from the original French places. Sale of reserved seats to commence on Thursday, Feb. 3, at the ticket office, 720 Broadway.
MR. E. C. WRIGHT, Treasurer.
43-1t MR. C. C. CHASE, Agent.

TONY PASTOR'S
OPERA HOUSE.
First appearance of the celebrated
MLLE. LEOPOLD,
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
FEMALE GYMNAST,
in her terrific aerial leap as performed by her at the Alhambra, London over 300 nights.
Also, the Champion Horizontal Bar Performer,
GEORGE LEOPOLD.
FIRST APPEARANCE
OF THE GREAT CHARACTER-DANSEUSE,
MISS CLARA BURTON.
A new Comic Drama, entitled
A MANAGER'S TRIALS,
OR, A STRIKE AT THE OPERA HOUSE.
TONY PASTOR (a Popular Manager) BY TONY PASTOR.
NELSE SEYMOUR, FRANK KERNS, J. W. McANDREWS.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½. 43-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
WM. B. FRELIGH.....Proprietor and Manager
CONTINUED TRIUMPH
of the Grand Comic Pantomime of
BUCK BUCK,
HOW MANY HORNS;
OR, GOLD AT 16½.
NIGHTLY RECEIVED BY CROWDS WITH
SHOUTS OF DELIGHT AND THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE,
WITH ALL ITS UNSURPASSABLE SCENERY,
Marvelous Tricks, Bewildering Transformations and
GORGEOUS FINAL SCENE,
entitled
NEPTUNE'S FLIGHT.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, preceded by the drama of the "CARPENTER OF ROUEN." WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, "THE SHOEMAKER OF TOULOUSE."
FRIDAY EVENING—Complimentary Testimonial to Mr. JAMES MACE, on which occasion Mr. JOHN C. HERNAN has kindly volunteered and will appear in a SET-TO with Mr. Mace.
GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY. 43-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE
AMUSEMENT COMPANY,
514 BROADWAY.
ROBERT W. BUTLER.....Manager.
SOLE MOSE ATTRACTION.
THE PEOPLE ARE OUR JUDGES, WE ASK NO FAVORS. THE VERDICT IS UNANIMOUS, and the PROOF is NIGHTLY SEEN by the CROWDED HOUSES. STANDING ROOM ONLY.
MOND

MY OLD CHUM.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE "MODEST QUENCHER."

My soul is wrapped in gloom to-night,
In saddening, deep, depressing gloom,
And not a single ray of light
My heavy spirits doth illume;
In vain I try to smother grief—
That power to me is often denied,
I'm stranded on dark sorrow's reef,
For my good, dear old chum just died.

An hour ago he sent for me
Again to see him ere he'd die,
To bid his true, devoted friend
A long farewell—a last good bye.
And as I sadly gazed upon
His wasted form, as there he lay,
Emotion deep my senses filled,
My voice refused a word to say.

Hot, blinding tears in torrents came,
As memory wandered o'er the past,
At thoughts of the many changeful scenes
Thro' which poor Will and I had passed.
Long time together had we roamed,
And cares and troubles had our share,
And many a happy hour we'd passed
When luck shone on us bright and fair.

And, quickly reading my sad thoughts,
Poor Will put out his wasted hand
And a gentle smile appeared—as if
He'd a vision of the promised land.
"Come, Bob, cheer up!" he gently said;
"Don't grieve for me, my good old boy;
My troubles now are at an end—
I go to scenes of bliss and joy.

"Grim death for me has ne'er a sting,
Except the pain of leaving you;
The parting from a good warm heart
And ever faithful friend so true.
Well, Bob, I feel my time is come
To leave this world of care and strife;
Your hand, old boy, let's once more clasp,
As oft before we've done in life."

I grasped his hands with throbbing heart,
But cold and passive now they lie;
And thus my friend and I did part—
"Good bye, old chum! good bye! good bye!"
Well, all is o'er, and Will is gone,
And I am here—well, so it goes!—
But how I grieve for my old chum
The God above us only knows!

"CASTE;"
OR,
"Love Levels All."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I.

Englishmen have a weakness for Boulogne. Perhaps it is because it is convenient, its choked up harbor excellent for bathing, and its table fare more nearer the British ideal cent for bathing, and its table fare more nearer the British ideal than can elsewhere be found in Gaila. Then, you know, Boulogne furnishes the Britons with shrimps, and there is much in that; in fact, it breeds an attachment stronger than cable binding or red tape fraternization, for surely Albion's heart is in her stomach. And then Boulogne is so very reputable—no flirtation, no scandal, no match-making, nothing but staid, quiet enjoyment. What if the fish girls are bare legged, and the rude wind does send their one garment fluttering awkwardly far above the knees, no one can question their virtue, and the red, warm glow in their cheeks is the hue of innocense itself. There is aq uaint charm in the stair cased streets, with the briny ridges of nets, strung from house to house, forming a sort of industrial bower; and the fishermen are *so* picturesque, grim and high stepping, that one might imagine them a colony of dethroned Kings. His people, particularly the educated class, smatter English tolerably, adopt many of the "Island Mastiff's" customs, and a few of their vices. He all this as it may, a tolerable course from Albion gather here periodically to bathe, air their French, eat fish and drink weak wine.

I will not be particular as to date, but it was in the summer of 185- that Lord Pittman, a viscount, earl or the Lord knows what, arrived to sojourn a while at the seaport to recuperate, previous to repairing to Paris in time for the season. My Lord had well-stuffed coffers, and was as purse-proud as an East India nabob, to say nothing of his *blood royal*, a boast which had been handed down from so early a King, that the race's neck had stiffened beyond belief.

His daughter Edith was a beautiful, fresh, English girl, as yet untainted by any high flown notions of her "standing" and aristocracy, was kind, gentle and forbearing in disposition, and in the extension of which when she came in contact. Country educated, for she had been early placed under the charge of a sensible maiden aunt of her mother's side, she could hold her saddle across the roughest ten miles of fox hunting ground in England, could pull a strong oar, and, rumor said, but this I warrant not, that she was versed in the mysteries of the stuffed buckskins and single stick. In person she was a charming girl; her hair, which was of a deep golden color, was woven about a white forehead and a dimpled plump face, in heavy *bandeaux*. Beneath the daintiest of noses was the prettiest and freshest of rosebud mouths, and her head was placed on a white neck, which sat proudly on the shapeliest of figures. Yet those tiny white hands, which you would note for their delicacy, knew the grasp of the reins, and could guide the hardest mouthed cruiser over a rough country like a jockey; they could clutch the sculls in a tight pull, and more than once the sinews beneath the fair white skin had been strained almost to bursting in a close run for victory.

Though their retinue consisted only of a maid and valet, the heavy stock of trunks that was drayed up from the Folkestone boat gave evidence that their return to England would not be a speedy one.

One morning, soon after cocks' crow, and as the shrimp dredgers were getting their tackle ready for the days' labor, Lady Edith, who was by habit an early riser, was standing on the piazza in front of the hotel, and watched wistfully the wavelets come and go. The mists were rising, and in the early sunlight the waters lay like a huge sheet of blood. The tide was very high, and the bars in the harbor were entirely covered.

"Oh what a delightful morning for a good pull," exclaimed Edith—"and why not? Everything is perfectly convenient." Quick in her decision, she was in the hotel in a moment, jumped into a rugged boating jacket, and in a thrice ran down to the little floating dock that ran into the water.

"I beg pardon, lady," said a respectful voice, "but I would advise you not to go out, as there is a fresh wind coming up."

Edith turned with an angry flush on her cheeks and beheld a gentlemanly looking person, who was standing easily with a pipe in his hand, which he had just taken from his mouth.

"I beg pardon," he said gravely, "I wouldn't intrude my advice if I were not a little weather wise. Far beyond your eyes I can see a little line of white caps, and the mist is quickly rising. Take my word for it you will wish yourself back in short measure."

"Your advice is doubtless well meant, sir," said Edith, angrily, "but I take it as an intrusion," and stepping squarely in the boat she had selected, without deigning him farther notice, she coaned towards the bow, loosened the "painter," and headed the boat towards the channel. Dropping her oars with the air of one who knew her business, she bent her lithe form well forward and her whole strength went into the stroke, then she was off.

The stranger gazed after her a moment, shrugged his shoulders and walked quietly away.

When Edith had pulled some fifteen minutes, the mist rolled up from the waters, and a fresh, heavy wind came up from the channel; the billows were getting higher and stronger, and it required her full strength to make headway against them. Quite prudently, she turned for the shore, and drove her bark along swiftly, taking strong hold in the top of each wave, and fostering her muscle as she fell. Of a sudden an oar snapped. With an exclamation of terror she sprang towards the stern of the boat and endeavored to paddle against the heavy surge. It was useless, and the tide bore her rapidly away towards open water. She shrieked wildly to serry people who were watching her from the shore. Though almost blinded with fright she beheld a man put out in a boat towards her. Nearer and nearer his strong arms propelled him towards her, and once when he turned his face above his broad shoulders, she saw with a slight feeling of shame that rose above her dilemma, that it was the stranger who had so plainly warned her. Of a sudden a heavy wave struck the side of her boat, and she was thrown like an eggshell, with a moan of despair the lady sank beneath the waters; but the stranger, with demonical precision and strength, sent his craft forward with great force, and when the white face came above the surface he was close beside her, and his powerful arms clasped her beneath the arms and dragged her over the broad stern of his boat. There was a shout from the shore where his lordship, Lady Edith's valet, who had been aboard, were standing, the centre of a pale, shivering group. When the agony of the moment was over and the stranger pulled up to the pier, they carefully lifted the insensible girl from the boat and bore her to the hotel.

"I can never repay the debt you have laid me under," said Lord Pittman to the stranger, "and would be favored with your address."

Perhaps there was the least flush on the stranger's cheek as he handed my lord a card, and then turned slowly away.

"'Alfred Wentworth,'" his lordship read, "cirque ——, a common mountebank," he soliloquized, while the hot blood sprang to his face. "I am sorry I committed myself." His gratitude was short lived.

II.

The summer had breathed its last and expired with its head on the breast of the young Autumn. The flowers had been chilled to ashes by the cold winds that sweep across the waste of waters beyond Boulogne, and just behind the town the little wilderness glittered with leafy jewels of gold and scarlet, save where the hardy green of the hemlock and pine form an unfading setting, that even the closest embrace of winter cannot destroy.

The crimson rays of the setting sun fell through the window of a fisherman's hut on the suburbs, and mingled fantastically with the bright colors of the painted floor. The walls of the habitation were covered with prints of the Savior and Mary, and in one corner of the chief apartment a small crucifix denoted the devotional character of the occupants. Also in this room, which was rendered pleasantly warm by the glow from the kitchen where the wife was preparing supper, was a couch, several chairs, and a table covered with books and papers. Just beside the window sat one who had apparently been an invalid, for his face was thin and pale, and he shaded his weak eyes from the glare of the sun.

There was a light tap at the outer door, and a gleam of pleasure lighted his face as a lady was shown in the room.

"I have come to bid you good-bye," said the intruder, "as we are preparing to start to Paris in a day or two."

"So soon," said the convalescent, with a start, "I was in hopes you would stay a little longer."

"I am but my own mistress, you know," she said gravely, "it would be the greatest happiness if I could watch with you until you are perfectly recovered."

Lady Edith had never looked so lovely; the deep full color on her cheeks and the brightness of her sunny eyes made her unspeakably charming.

"You have been so kind to me," he said, pressing her hand to his lips, "I have often thought of you as an angel so watch by the sick bed of such as I—"

"Nay," she cried, interrupting him, "you forget that I owe you my life; my debt of gratitude can never, never be paid."

"It was nothing," he cried impatiently, "a short pull in a boat and a few moments' exertion. But you have tended me through all my sickness, ever since the good woman told you of it. I am not rich, and this is the best lodging that my money will get; yet you have come to me, smoothed my pillow and entered like a sunbeam into my sick chamber. To me, so far beneath you, a common stroller."

"You *shall not* talk so," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder; "no one can wrestle with circumstances and you only hold my highest esteem; in you I can see the attributes of a true gentleman untarnished. The struggle for bread is no alloy. It is the smaller acts of charity and honest dealing that constitute true nobility."

His eyes were moist, and his chest heaved with emotion. "I do not take your words to myself," he said, "as I am a mere structure of faults and weaknesses. But, God bless you for them, and as long as he grants me life I shall not forget them and will profit by them. Oh if a man had such a mentor he could never go astray."

There was perhaps a deeper color in the lady's cheek and her eyes drooped. "You will not forget me when I have gone," she said softly.

"Forget you," he exclaimed passionately; oh, if I only dared to tell you what is in my heart—"

The scene was really growing interesting, when the angry tones of a man were heard without.

"It is my father," said Lady Edith with a death-like palor spreading over her face. And in truth it was, and he entered unannounced.

"So I have unearthed you madame," he growled with a hellish sneer. There was a black accusation in his eyes that his lips had not uttered, and she stood before him pale but defiant, the very picture of slandered innocence.

"'Tis just as well," he gasped in his fury; "I disown you!"

"Father," she cried piteously, "for Heaven's sake listen to me; I have done nothing unbecoming a lady."

"Nothing? good heavens! Do you call this nothing? stealing abroad like a thief to visit this vagrant. You have dishonored your name and blood, and stamped me with disgrace and infamy." His passion caught him like a whirlwind. His face became distended and purple, and he gripped madly at his silken neckcloth.

"Go," he shrieked, almost choking with rage. "I pray to God never to see you again. Never ask for my pardon or darken my threshold, or I'll have you thrown from my presence like a common strumpet."

Wentworth absolutely writhed with the violence of his feelings during this stormy scene, and only the fear of making matters worse prevented him from resenting both the insult to the lady and himself.

"You must take this as final," yelled his lordship; "if you want protection look to your paramour——"

"Good Heavens," exclaimed the invalid, springing to his feet and fairly mad with indignation, "if you utter that lie again I'll thrash you from this cabin like a cur."

"My quarrel is not with you," said his lordship, with a malicious snarl—"I leave you to my servant."

"You have thrown her off, and she is under my protection," said Wentworth, quivering with anger, "and if you utter that base slander again you shall see how well I shall vindicate her character."

"Then so be it," said Lord Pittman, "you are no longer flesh of my flesh, and I now erase the black spot from the family name." With these hard words on his lips he departed.

Wentworth caught the weeping girl in his arms and tried to soothe her. His heart was opened and he besought her to become his wife. There was no spoken response, but when her head lay on his breast, the veil was drawn from the sweet, tearful eyes that were lifted to his, and the story was told.

* * * * * * * * * *

In a quiet street in London reside Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth. They are the parents of several lovely children, and the happiness and comfort of their fireside is complete.

Who can say she stooped. Her life would have been an artificial one devoid of all that makes existence enjoyable; her heart, sacrificed perhaps to the hellish pride of a selfish parent. She has given up the compliments of brainless fops and aristocratic profligates, but has found a love more enduring and pure than the circle of the *bon ton* would admit. Lord Pittman is still the same high-stepping brute, and possesses a deep seated hatred against those beneath him. But against true love nothing prevails, and we exclaim with Tennyson:—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than a Norman blood."

THE FORGER'S VICTIM.

In a deep cellar, so far below the street that the rumbling of heavy drays and carriages above, sounded like the low muttering of distant thunder, they were at work—four dark, swarthy men, whose coal-black eyes, jetty beards, and bronze faces, told of birth in a foreign clime. The ground beneath, the ceiling above, and the walls around the subterranean room, were coated with a water-proof cement, which now was hard and dry, and the work these men were engaged upon could not have been done in a better place.

They had presses at work, and were printing off, signing, numbering and cutting from the sheet a vast number of counterfeit notes for large amounts.

Silently, steadily, they worked on, those four dark and desperate-looking men, each at a different process, but all working together, for hours.

At last one who had been scrutinising each bill carefully, putting the signatures on all which passed his critical eye, and destroying those which he deemed imperfect, gave a signal, and the other three at once ceased their work, and came to the table where he was seated.

"We have done enough for to-day. If we get half that we have got ready for distribution, safely out, we are all men of fortune."

He spoke in Italian, as he said this to the other workmen; two of them, in the same language, said, addressing the first speaker:—

"Signor Cecio, when, with your planning, we first entered upon this business, we made a solemn compact, binding ourselves thereto with a terrible oath, which it is death to break."

"Yes, Campesta," replied Cecio, "but what do you mean by this preamble, and that serious look upon your face."

"I fear that we are in danger of betrayal, Signor," replied Campesta.

"Betrayal—betrayal?" cried the latter in a loud tone, while his black eyes flashed like orbs of fire.

"Betrayal? Who dares betray us?" asked the other two in a lower tone, while their dark eyes also flashed with a wild, fierce light.

"I am not sure that we are betrayed. But Antonio Diodati knows too much for our safety, and this morning I saw him drinking wine with a man that I know to be a detective. While I have been at work I have been thinking it all over, and some curious actions of his of late; and I deemed it my duty to let you all know of the matter. He wanted to borrow money of me yesterday, and when I told him I had none to spare, he sneeringly said that I made enough for my own use and that of my friends, too, and I would regret my refusal before I was a week older."

"A week? He must not see the end of this week. Our course is plain; our safety demands his life. Who will be the one to take it?" said Cecio.

There was a dead silence among the men, each looking at the other and each waiting for another to speak.

"He does not belong to us!" at last said one who had so far made no remark.

"No, Bartolo," replied Campesta. "But he is in our way, and it makes no difference where he belongs; he must be removed."

"Then let it not be the deed of one, but of us all!" said Cecio. "If he could be induced to take a visit to the country on some pleasure trip, by one of us, the rest could meet him in some secluded spot and put an end to our danger at once."

"The very idea," said Campesta. "Some weeks ago he went with me one Sunday to Brighton, and on that trip he fell in love with a young lady, to whom he could not get introduced. He found out her name, and has raved about her ever since. He addressed one or two notes to her, but I think, got no answers. Were I to tell him that I had got acquainted with her, and could take him to to see her, he would go with me in a moment, for he seems half crazed about her."

"Good; he will be easily led into the trap. Be friendly with him; lend him money if he wants it—our money. You can soon collect it. To-morrow is Friday. I will go and select a place for you to take him to, and on the next day we will finish the job. That is decided, and we will close our crib and go to scattering 'the queer' while it is fresh."

It was a lovely afternoon in the latter part of May when the Italian, Campesta, accompanied by Antonio Diodati, started for Brighton. The beautiful villas on either hand, with their shade trees, gardens, hedges and lawns all clad in spring's brightest green—the flowers just blossoming into beauty, were enough to charm one in all ye long sicking engendered by gazing on brick walls and city streets.

Campesta and Diodati conversed in their native language, the latter speaking in great glee of an introduction which he was to receive to some angel with a blonde face and golden ringlets. Singular, is it not, how love chooses its opposite in looks, for a passion, as a general thing? A blue eyed girl goes raving over a black eyed, black haired and black whiskered beau; a black eyed one thinks that blue eyes and light, or auburn hair, is ever the most beautiful.

On arriving at Brighton the two friends quitted the town at once and walked a considerable distance into the country.

"Do you see that grove over there?" asked Campesta, of his companion; "the lady resides in a cottage just beyond it. We will get across the fields; it is much nearer than to go round by the road."

"Then let us go by the nearest route," said Diodati, eagerly.

In a moment the two men were walking rapidly along a narrow path which led to the thick grove which Campesta had pointed out.

"This path is not traveled much," said Diodati, as he pushed aside the bushes and briers which obstructed the way.

"No; and that is strange, for it is half a mile nearer than it is to go to the cottage by the road. I went that way and returned this, when I came down here last."

Diodati said no more, but followed the rapid steps of his companion, whose face, in spite of the exercise, was as pale as if he had been taken with a fit of sickness.

They were soon in the grove, a dense and tangled thicket, upon which no care had been expended, and uncombed and neglected Nature had her own way in matters in general. The path became more and more difficult as they went on, and they proceeded so slowly now that Diodati said, with impatience:—

"If this road is the shortest, 'tis so bad that we would have saved time by going further round, where carriages could travel."

"You have but a few steps further to go," said Campesta, in a low tone."

And at that moment they emerged into a little cleared spot, where some picnic party seemed to have been held; for all of the dense undergrowth had been torn up or cut away in a circle of a few yards, leaving a smooth, grassy spot, densely shaded by the tall trees which branched out overhead.

As they entered this cleared space, Campesta put his hand in his pocket and said:—

"You wanted to borrow some money of me, Diodati, a day or two ago."

"Yes; but we will not speak of that to-day. All I ask is to see that angel as soon as I can. Her love is worth more than money to me."

"If you are a good Catholic you will see angels enough before sunset," replied Campesta, with a cold and singular smile upon his pale face.

"What do you mean? Why do you not go on? I am in a hurry!" said Diodati, uneasily.

"Your time for hurry is over, traitor!" said a sharp, harsh voice behind him, and the Italian turned to find himself confronted by Cecio and two other Italians, who had stepped out from behind trees close to him.

Each held a pistol in his hand.

The wretched man saw at the fate before him and raising his hands, sunk upon his knees with a prayer for mercy upon his quivering lips.

But in the dark and flashing eyes which were bent so fiercely upon him he saw no sign of mercy. Rising to his feet with a desperate look he thrust his hand in his pocket and cried:—

"If I must die, I will not die alone!"

His words were his own death warrant.

As with one report three pistols were discharged, and each carried a death to the poor wretch.

Without a word, and without even a groan, he sunk forward on the grass, and Campesta, who had not fired, drew his long knife and gashed the body already quivering in the death agony. For it was necessary that all should share in the crime—that the blood of the victim should stain each hand of that dark brotherhood of crime.

Was this the end? No—for "murder will out," and the murderers now languish in the darkness of their dungeon cells, awaiting the fate which slow justice metes out to the guilty.

THE SADNESS engendered by the overthrow of all our hopes is a malady, and often causes death. It will not be one of the slightest occupations of our present physiology to seek by what ways and means a thought succeeds in producing the same organization as a poison.

DOT'S LAGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Vat is dot makes me feel so glat
Chust ven I feel like bein sad.
Or ven I feel like giddin' mad?
Dot's Lager.

Vat is dot makes me feel so shdrong,
Makes me feel so I can sing a song
Ven I'm tired mit vorkin' all day long?
Dot's Lager.

Vat is dot makes my eyes so brighd,
Und makes my head feel aw ul light?
Und makes me look so I vas diabd?
Dot's Lager.

Vat is dot makes my sheeks so red,
Und shdicks dem oud like loafs of bread,
Und brings dot shwell up in my head?
Dot's Lager.

Vat is id dot vill make me feel
So shlibbery like a needle eel,
Und my head go round like a shmall bin-veel?
Dot's Lager.

Yes, yes, dot's so; 'dis Lager Bier,
Dot is der shduff your heart to cheer,
Und make you feel goot for a year.
Dot's Lager.

OOFTY GOOFY.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A TRAVELING SHOWMAN.

The Great City of London.—No. 14.

THE CHRISTOPHER WREN MONUMENT—LONDON BRIDGE—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On leaving the Tower and proceeding through Lower Thames street a few squares brings us to the monument erected by Sir Christopher Wren to commemorate the great fire of 1666. It is a doric fluted column, 200 feet high. A circular stairway within leads to the top. The price for performing this feat is three-pence. It is a tiresome journey to mount the steps, but on arriving at the top the visitor is well repaid for his trouble. The view is grand and imposing. The river, spanned by innumerable bridges, is seen for miles. The great city unfolds before you like a map. You look down upon the busy thoroughfares teeming with industry. The top of this monument was a favorite place for people, who were bent on self-destruction, to throw themselves off headlong, but the top is now enclosed in a strong iron cage, and persons who wish to indulge in the luxury of suicide must seek some other place. Beneath this monument is buried Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, the first translator of the Bible into English.

A few steps further on brings us to London Bridge, a magnificent granite structure 920 feet in length. It consists of five arches. The central one has a span of 156 feet. The scene to a stranger on approaching London Bridge cannot but amaze him with the picture it presents. It is estimated that upwards of 21,000 vehicles and 175,000 persons cross this bridge in a single day. From London Bridge we took passage on one of the small steamers that ply up and down the Thames, and sailed up the Thames, passing under London Bridge, Hungerford, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Charing Cross up to Westminster Bridge; fare, one penny. Here we disembarked and proceeded to the Houses of Parliament or new palace of Westminster, which stands at the end of Westminster Bridge on the banks of the Thames. This magnificent structure covers an area of nearly eight acres, and the splendor of the superb edifice is in accordance with its cost and character. The principal front is the splendid facade which faces the river; it is 900 feet in length, decorated with rich carvings and tracery, statues and armorial designs. A broad, stone terrace separates the building from the river. The principal towers are the Royal or Victoria Tower, at the southwest angle, the Clock Tower and the Central Tower. There are several others of minor importance.

The Victoria Tower is a stupendous work. It is 75 feet square and rises to a height of 340 feet. It is the royal entrance to the building, the opening is 65 feet high. The style of this Tower is most richly carved and decorated within and without. It contains statues of Queen Victoria and the patron saints of England, Ireland and Scotland. The Clock Tower is about 320 feet high and 40 feet square. It is surmounted by a high spire and the diameter of the clock dial is thirty feet. The Central Tower is 300 feet in height and 60 feet in diameter, and rises above the great octagonal Central Hall. The principal approach through Westminster Hall, up a flight of steps at the south end, which leads to St. Stephen's porch, and thence along into the great Octagonal Hall. The passage on the right hand conducts to the House of Lords, that on the left to the House of Commons. The royal approach, under the Victoria Tower, leads to the Norman Porch, which derives its name from the frescoes and figures of the Norman kings which decorate its walls. On the right is the Robing Room, which is fitted up with great magnificence. Here the sovereign goes through the ceremony of robing, before proceeding to the House of Peers, on the occasions of opening, closing and prorogation of Parliament. The size of the apartment known as the House of Lords is 97 feet long, 45 wide and 45 high, and all that wealth and taste can accomplish has been done to render it magnificent. A close inspection is required in order to obtain a just estimate of the richness and delicacy of the splendid decorations. The throne on which the sovereign sits is gorgeous and beautiful in the extreme, and in the centre of the apartment is the traditional woolsack on which the Lord Chancellor sits. Opposite the throne is the reporters' gallery, and above it is the strangers' gallery. The side galleries are appropriated to ladies of rank and title. The walls are covered with large, magnificent frescoes, and the windows are stained glass, lighted at night from the outside. Below the windows is a brazen gallery, on the cornice beneath which is the arms of the sovereigns and chancellors of England from the time of Edward the Third. The House of Commons occupies a position to the east of the central hall, similar to that occupied by the House of Lords on the west side. Although not equal, either in size or magnificence, to the other house, it is, nevertheless, a superb apartment. In length it is 62 feet by 45 broad and 45 high. All the decorations are more simple, but the ceiling is of nearly equal beauty. The stained glass windows and the oak carvings on the walls are beautiful, chaste and simple. In this apartment the Commons meet for debate. Their numbers are as follows:—For England and Wales, 498; for Ireland, 105, and for Scotland, 53; in all 656 members. The buildings that occupy the greater portion of the river front contain the committee rooms and the libraries for members of both Houses, and the building contains a large number of very fine paintings and statues of the past statesmen and heroes of England. Leaving the Houses of Parliament by the public entrance, a few steps bring us to Westminster Abbey. This venerable edifice, also named the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, was founded by Sebert, king of the Saxons, about the year 610, and was originally a Benedictine monastery. It was enlarged by Edward the Confessor, and was rebuilt, as it now appears, by Henry the Third and his successor, Edward the First. Richard II. and Queen Anne. In the north aisle are the tombs of Queen Elizabeth and her sister Queen Mary, Mary and Sophia, daughters of James the First, the Marquis and Earl of Halifax, Edward the Fifth, and his brother, the Duke of York, who were murdered in the Tower by their treacherous uncle, Richard the Third. Their bones, after laying 191 years in the rubbish under the stairs leading to the chapel of the White Tower, were, on the 17th of July, 1674, discovered and removed here by order of Charles the Second. The fifth is the Chapel of St. Paul. This contains eleven tombs of English noblemen. The sixth is the Chapel of St. Edward. This contains the trunks of Henry the Third, Queen Eleanor, Henry the Fifth, Queen Philippa, Edward the Third, Daughter of Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third and queen, Edward the First's shrine of Edward the Confessor, Duke of Gloucester, Bishop of Salisbury, &c., and the Coronation Chair of Edward the First, an old wooden, worm-eaten affair. In this chair all the sovereigns of England have been crowned from Edward the First to Queen Victoria; beside it is another coronation chair made for Mary, wife of William the Third. The pavement of this chapel was laid down in 1260. The tomb of Prince Henry, of Monmouth, is here. This is the Prince Hal, the companion of Sir John Falstaff, afterwards King Henry the Fifth. The saddle, helmet and shield worn by him at the Battle of Agincourt, is in the chantry above the tomb. A rough, unpolished tomb of grey marble enclosed the body of King Edward the First. This tomb was opened in 1774 by permission of the Dean of Westminster, and the body was found perfect, having on two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, and the other of crimson velvet, a sceptre in each hand, and a crown on his head. The seventh is the chapel of St. Erasmus, containing twelve tombs of celebrated persons. The eighth is the chapel of St. John the Baptist; here is interred the Knights Crusaders; here are also a monument to Gen. Wolfe, who was killed at Quebec in 1759, the Abbot Islip Edmund Crouchback, son of Henry the Third, Aymer de Valence, last Earl of Pembroke, the Countess of Lancaster and several others. The ninth is the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, St. Andrew and St. Michael. This chapel contains the tombs of twenty distinguished persons, among whom is Sir Humphrey Davy. In the south aisle of the abbey is a monument which is looked upon with interest by Americans; this is the tomb of Major Andre, who was executed as a spy at Tappan, New York, on the 2d of October, 1780. The head of General Washington, on this tomb has been replaced three times, it having been broken off and carried away by some curious pilferer. In the north transept is the monument to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Sir Robert Peel, Admiral Vernon, George Canning the orator, and a host of noble and distinguished persons which it would take volumes to describe; but I have tried to give you a passing description of the principal features of the Abbey, and the names most familiar to Americans. There are many persons of distinction buried in the cloisters, but the inscriptions on their tombs are almost obliterated by time and wear. The most ancient are in the south walk towards the east end, where you will see the remains of four Abbotts, marked in the pavement by four stones. Beneath a large block of black marble, measuring eleven feet ten inches by five feet ten inches, called Long Meg, the remains of twenty-six of the monks of this abbey are interred, who fell victims to a dreadful plague in 1349, which at that period had extended its ravages over a great part of the globe. A strange feeling of awe involuntarily steals over a person in contemplating the gloomy recesses of this last resort of grandeur, and to trace mankind through all the wilderness of their frailties and misfortunes from the cradle to the grave. It was my intention in this letter to give you a full description of the prison of Newgate, but as I have exceeded the bounds at first intended I must reserve it for my next, in which I will also give you a description of my first ride on the underground railroad and a visit to the Zoological Gardens, Park and different places of amusement.

MONS. LE THORNE.

TALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 21.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Kinder shilly ound, aind id, Sharley? Dis has peen a funny vinter, mosdly all rain ven der boys vanted shnow. Voodn't id be funny vedder ve had anyding do say bound id ourselfs? Chusd imagine a Commisioner of der Vedder. He voodn'd make any money oud of his office. Oh! no, I cuess nod. Somepody vood vant a leedle rain—$20,000.00. Hodel keepers on der road vant shnow, so dat pisness mit dem vill be goot—all right, $25,000.00. Brobleedors of shows vant nice glear vedder, so beeple vill badronize der blaces of amusement—goot enuff, $30,000.00. Der von dot pud ub der mosd "shoogar" he's der feller dot can g'd der veder he vants. I cuess, Sharley, "der olt fashioned vay is der besd." Den efery von is god do been sadisfied, cause dey cand hellup demselfs. I like do saw dings dake deir nadural course, und ven id don'd den I'm licensed to fint fauld. Dis vinter aind been der vinter I ought to be any vay you can take id, und I dond dink id's righd. Dis is *my* growl, you had yours dis morning.

Here comes a young feller I god ackgwainded mit in der army—dis von comin down here in uniform. Dis is Jim Leary, Sharley, sergeand of der Medrobolidan Bolice. Jim is a shmard young feller und vas conneceded mit ? Hose ad der dime der var proke oud. He vas von of der "ped lambs"—Ellsvord's Fire Zoozoos—und vas a sergeand in company "E," aldervards he vas a lieudenand, und vas vell liked in der regimend. Ven he comed home he vas abboinded on der bolice und vas made a rounder after a leedle vile. Now he is a sergeand mit fair brospeeds of bein a cabdain in der course of dime. I saw him der oder night ub ad der Academy of Moosic, ad der "Amerigus Glup" Ball, und he vas all ofer mit his brass coad und plue buddons. He made a leedle misdake vonce, down on der ground floor of der House of Rebresendatifes in Washington, bond me, und I cuess he vas sadisfied a goot vile ago. He is a nice young feller, Sharley, und noding vood blease me any bedder as to hear of him dasking Kennedy's bleace.

See dis dall, shim, young feller comin down dis vay? Dis is Sharley Pettengill, of minsdrel nodoriedy. Sharley is a goot performer, und as a song und dance man is so goot like any of dem. He is in mit Johnny Allen, Deleanty and Hengler. Dey hafe been drateling all over, und I believe dey hafe done fery well. Sharley Pettengill has god along fery fasd in der minsdrel pisness, und he is a faforide efery place he has efer blayed. On der shdage he is fery funny, und in single acds is immensife. Off der shdage he is a nice, gwied young feller, und he is in efery vay a gentleman. He has god hosds of friends in dis city, und dey dink a heap of him. I vas ub lookin ad his droupe berform der firsd veek dey vas here at Wood's Museum, but efery ding vasn't in goot runnin order, so it voodn't be fair to say anyding about id. Sharley, dough, kebd his end ub bully. Johnny Allen doo. He is a goot berformer, Sharley, und a nice young feller, und dere is a goot many beeple in dis down dinks dere aind any bedder anyveres as Sharley Pettengill.

Here is von of dem Infernal Refenue fellers, Sharley. Dis is von of Uncle Sam's lookers oud—von of his gatekeebers. Dis is Misder Steiner. Ad der dime of der var he vas der corresbondend of der New York *Herald*, und he vas shdadioned ad Fordress Monroe. I med him down dere, und he dook me around und showed me der biace. Id vas der day before der "Merrimac" come down und sunk der "Congress" und der "Cumberland." I dell you, Sharley, dem fellers dook rough shances in der var. Chust imagine wielding and a record of a baddle of going drough der dickens of der fight, und den hafing do go like der dooce drough a coundry full mit gorillas, exbecding efery minude vill be your nexd, und dake efery kind of shances so as to got your rebord in fusd. Steiner vas von of dem. Now he is in der Infernal Refenue pisness, und he is a shmard officer. I beliedf he is shdadioned in Brooklyn, vere dey make dis hair dye dey sell for viskey. "Shdine" vill dake care of "No. 1, Sharley, you bed. Vat he vould know ub'd nord and anyding.

Anoder von of der burnd cork fellers, Add Ryman, und he *is* an acdor doo. Dot's a gread deal more dan you can say for a goot many in der same line of pisness. Add is blaying mit Johnny Hart, und deir skedches are new und goot. Dey hafe made a hid in New York und dey are deserfin of id, cause dey vork hard to blease their audiences, und dey vill do it, you bed your life dey vill done. I dell you Sharley, dot's der oney vay to do—do id der besd you know how und you are opliged to god along und became a faforide. Dis hobbing oud on der sdage und doing ad a ding tusdead of doing id, is blayed. I hafe see goot berformers come oud und go drough deir pisness, as much as to say to der beeple, "Vell, I'm here. I just comed oud to oblige you und show myself," und den dey vent off und vas nefer heard of any more. Not dot Sharley; he blays for der beeple und dries to blease dem und hafe dem go avay sadisfied. Der beeple can dell of a berformer is blaying mit dem, Sharley, and ven dey do drob dot's a hard ding do gid dem back.

Dis gendleman—dis amiaple lookin gendleman valking along so kinder shlow und daking dings so easy—is Valter H. Gregory, Esq., from Jersey City. Misder Gregory is a young man of a well-wied, easy goin disbosition, yed, for all dot he likes a leedle oxcidemend vonce on a vile. He is valking long fery easy und shlow now, Sharley, yed of id shood habben do shdruck him dot dere vas a fire ofer in Jersey City, you vood see him shdrike a bee line on der douple gwick for der ferry und der vay he vood vent vood be exdonishing. Valter is a memper of Von Druck, of Jersey City, und he is so fine a gendleman as dot has efer come up pefore dis fordune-deller vas established, I vell fixed mit dis vorld's goods und all he has god to do vas to enchoy himself like a brince. I dink a goot deal of him, und I kinder dink dot he likes me boody vell—in fact, I know he does. Of efer I mole ofer to Jersey, Sharley, I'm going to got Valter to brobose me in Von Druck for a memper. I use to dore fire dudy poody vell vonce, und I cuess I didn't forgod how yed. "Chump her ditty!" How is dot? I didn't forgod how to holler any vay.

Here comes a funny feller, Sharley—dis is der feller dot vas der firsd von sold on der Cardiff Gland's superchition—dis is der Gread Amerigan Bie Bider. Venefer you vant to saw dis feller, you go down to Tryon row und go down shdairs in Shdone's d'face anydime bedween Eleften o'plock in der morning und dree o'plock in der afdernoon, und you vill find him defouring pies. The beedding of sgronches dwo dollars vort of bies efery day of his life. Dis is Larry Midchell, der Gread Amerigan Bie Bider. I ain'd foolin you—id's so sure, as I'm here mit you on dis shtevaik. Do-morrow ve'll go down, for der fun of der ding, bound half basd elefen, down to Shdone's, und you saw of I ain'd righd. I'll ask him to dook a drink und see if he don'd say "no," and den you; I'll dook a bet he bit mit you, dough, of id's all de same." You vald dit do-morrow—of I don'd show you, den I'm oud of my head, dot's all. Yes, sir; Larry Midchell, der Gread Amerigan Bie Bider. Dis is him, und I know id.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

A Perfect Wife.

She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from features, from complexion, or from shape; she has all three in a high degree; but it is not by these she touches my heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility which a face can express that forms her beauty.

She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment and you wonder that it did no more raise your attention at first.

Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

Her features are not perfectly regular; that sort of exactness is more to be praised than to be loved, for it is never animated.

Her stature is not tall; she is made to be the admiration of every person, but the happiness of one.

She has all the requisites that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

There is often more of the coquette shown in affected plainness than a tawdry fineness; she is always clean, without precision or affectation.

Her gravity is a gentle thoughtfulness that softens the features without discomposing them; she is usually grave.

Her smiles are inexpressible.

Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a companion from a crowd; it has this advantage—you must come very close to her to hear it.

To describe her body describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown by the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the good choice of the choice she makes.

She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.

She discovers the right and wrong of things, not by reasoning, but sagacity;—most women, and many good ones, have a closeness and something selfish in their disposition; she has a true generosity of temper;—the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous not more cautious in their disposition.

No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge.

Her politeness seems to flow rather from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD'S REPLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOSEPH J. GRANT.

"I love thee, my Harriet! I love thy sweet eyes;
To v beauty! thy candor! thy heart!
My thoughts are ere with thee, from early sunrise
Till the moon from its confine doth dart!

"My heart leaps for joy—my darling! mine own,
At the thought I do press thee once more
To my loving heart, ch'se, where depth is unknown,
Save to thee, my sweet tulip, full blown!

"Thou lov'st me, my darling? Ah! do not deny!
With me thou will live in sweet Eden."
With flattering heart, and deep, loving sigh,
She said:—"*Nixy, cully, come wooden!*"

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 1870.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT nation produces most marriages? Fasci-nation.

WHAT is the form of an escaped parrot? A Polly-gone.

WHY is a passing remark blasphemous? Because it is a *curs*-ory remark.

WHEN must Time hang up his scythe? When he shall be no mower.

WHY is a new-born baby like a cow's tail? Because it was never seen before.

WHY is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy? Because it's *a-hiding of the sun*.

WHEN a judge *tries* a rogue can it fairly be supposed that he has any idea of giving him employment?

WHY is advice like a policeman? Because, though continually met with when not wanted, when it is really wanted it can seldom be found.

WHAT bird is that which is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up? A swallow.

WHAT is that word in the English language, of one syllable, which, if two letters be taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables? *Plague* (*Ague*).

BREVITIES.

A CHILD, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

NOBODY takes a reproof so kindly as he that deserves most to be commended.

POWER unsubjected to the control of virtue is a poor guardian of civil liberty.

THE man who attempted to look into the future had the door slammed in his face.

BOYS often become tyrants from a mistaken notion of its being grand and manly.

MISFORTUNES work more or less according to the weakness or resolution of the patient.

CARBUNCLE.—A fiery globule found in the bottom of mines and on the face of drunkards.

FEW qualities are more popular among the mass of mankind than that of an easy temper.

POVERTY palls the most generous spirits; it cows industry and casts resolution itself into despair.

LITTLE minds triumph over the errors of men of genius, as an owl rejoices at an eclipse of the sun.

WHAT MEN HONOR.—What all men agree to honor is justice, truth speaking, good will and good action.

BE always at leisure to do a good action; never make business an excuse for neglecting offices of humanity.

WHEN minds are not in unison the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

"THERE, John, that's twice you have come home and forgotten that lard." "Really, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

OPT what seems a trifle, a mere nothing, by itself, in some nice situations, turns the scale of fate and rules the most important actions.

AVOID hypocrisy, my dear boys, in all its moods and tenses. If you think a man is a fool tell him so, unless he is bigger than yourself.

CHILDREN are the springtime of the future, and the love which their artlessness and innocence inspires is one of the purest feelings of our nature.

VOLTAIRE said of Mademoiselle de Livry:—"She was so beautiful that I ralsed my long, thin body, and stood before her like a point of admiration."

THE following toast was given at a recent banquet:—"The rights of woman; if she cannot be captain of a ship, may she always command a *smack*."

A MAN who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk coolly proposed to the magistrate that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

"I NEVER betrayed a friend's confidence," said one lady to another by way of insinuation. "Very true," was the answer, "for you were never entrusted with it."

"NONCHALANT" means that peculiarly indifferent look which is put on by men who never pay when dunned for money, and is possibly a corruption of *non shell out*.

"NEHEMIAH, compare the adjective cold," said a school-mistress to her head boy. "Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin," triumphantly responded Nehemiah.

LIQUID STYLE.—A paper, in speaking of a temperance address, says it abounded with *oceans* of sentiments, *rivers* of love, *torrents* of feeling and a perfect *deluge* of sense!

A PERSON in company, speaking of a gentleman not remarkable for his suavity, said he did not like his manners. "His manners!" cried a lady; "I never knew that he had any."

AN impertinent young fellow offered to bet the teacher of a young ladies' grammar school, who was boasting of the proficiency of his pupils, that not one of them would "decline" a husband.

A MAN who has been traveling in the "far West" says—but he probably misrepresents the matter—that when an Idaho girl is kissed she indignantly exclaims, "Now put that right back where you took it from!"

MERRY MOMENTS.

STRANGE EXPRESSIONS.—Every monumental inscription, says Dr. Johnson, should be in Latin, for that being a *dead* language, *will always live*. This would be a bull in any other writer.

THE RULING PASSION.—When Rabelais was on his death-bed a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear gentlemen," said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

GIBBET WIT.—A French wit says that the gibbet is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung at one time for the purpose of making the rest believe that they are virtuous.

GOOD REASONS.—A contemporary gives reasons for not publishing a poetic effusion as follows:—"The rhythm sounds like pumpkins rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yardstick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

MILITARY ELOQUENCE.—An officer in the army of Henry IV of France, who commanded a regiment very ill-clothed, seeing a party of the enemy advancing, who appeared newly equipped, said to his soldiers:—"There, my brave fellows, go and clothe yourselves."

TAKING IT COOLLY.—"Sir, you are a fool!" "Do you call me a fool, sir?" "Yes, sir!" "You do, sir?" "Yes, sir! I would call any man a fool who behaves as you do." "Oh! you would call any man a fool. Then I cannot consider it personal. I wish you good morning, sir."

AN ELDERLY and good-natured spinster, on being rallied as to her "single blessedness," declared, "I never yet have lost heart, because I have always kept in constant remembrance the fact that Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she got married.

A LADY somewhat advanced in years, whose vivacity sometimes approached the borders of impertinence, asked an old gentleman, in rather a jeering tone, why he was always dressed in black, and what he wore mourning for so constantly. "*For your charms, miss*," he gallantly replied.

COMPOSITION AND DECOMPOSITION.—One of Bishop Blomfield's latest *bon mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacons' charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the bishop, "composition and decomposition."

A PERPLEXED VENDER.—A United States revenue officer in Springfield has received the following "noat," which seems rather a loud one:—"To Mr Adims. I hav bin sellin chesnuts by the kwart to some of the nabors an the boys say i shall be prosekuid if I dont hav a lisens or get my chesnuts stamped onto. How much hav I got to pay fur sellin a fu chesnuts?"

APPROXIMATE PROFANITY.—A Quaker had his large brim blown off, and chased it for a long time with fruitless zeal. At last, seeing a boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him:—"Art thou a profane lad?" The youngster replied that he sometimes did a little in that way. "Then," said he, taking a coin from his pocket, "thee may d—— yonder fleeting tile a shilling's worth."

WHO FOR?

Let me kiss you for your mother—
For your sister—cousin—aunt—
Or for somebody or other
Whom I long to kiss, but can't.
I could wish my love beside me,
As I've you beside me now;
But the pleasure is denied me,
So I'll kiss you, anyhow.

'WAS IT SO?—"You must admit, Doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes"—"you must admit that woman was created before man?" "Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case." "That can be easily done, sir. Wasn't Eve the first maid?" (made).

FANCY VS. FACT.—Somebody, whose imagination outruns the facts in the case, thus tells what he would do if he was a local editor:—

If I was a lokle editor,
Wouldn't I have a time?
I wouldn't print a cussed word
For lessen $1 a line.

I'd git my grub & liker fre,
& tickets to the shows,
I wouldn't pay for buzzy higher,
& wouldn't I ware good close?

A GOOD PUN is a good thing, but a *bad* one is little short of crime. The best puns ever made were made by poor Tom Hood, whom Theodore Hook refused to be introduced to, because he was a "pretended humorist." Ah! Hook is already forgotten, but the author of the "Song of a Shirt," still lives, and will live forever, and, as *natural* puns of his, so will those, the most perfect of their kind ever printed:—

His *death*, which happened in his *berth*,
At forty odd *befell*:
They went and *told* the sexton,
And the sexton *tolled* the bell."

A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.—The late Rev. Dr. Wightman was a simple minded Scottish divine of the old school. When a young man he paid his addresses to a young lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on the condition that it met the approval of the lady's mother. Accordingly the doctor waited upon the matron; and, stating his case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment, "Deed, Doctor, you're far owre guid for our Janet. I'm sure she's no guid eno' for ye." "Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best; so we'll say nae mair about it." No more was said and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after Dr. Wightman died a bachelor and the lady an old maid.

THE PRIZE RING

OF THE OLDEN TIME.

TOM CRIBB,

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

His Life, and Battles in the Prize Ring.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK'S CLIPPER.

Much as the fame of the former contests of the Champion had excited interest in the sporting world, they were looked upon as trifling when compared with his battle with Molineaux; and even those persons who had hitherto passed over boxing in general as beneath their notice, now seemed to take a lively interest in the issue of this fight. It appeared somewhat as a national concern; all felt for the honor of their country, and were deeply interested in the fate of their Champion, Tom Cribb. Molineaux was viewed as a truly formidable rival; he was by no means deficient either in point of strength, courage or agility, with his opponent, and though but little known himself, his pedigree had been traced to be good, his father was never beaten; he was a twin brother, and the family distinguished for pugilistic traits of excellence and bottom. In height Molineaux was about five-feet eight and a quarter, weighing fourteen stone two pounds, while his brave opponent stood five-feet ten and a half, and in weight was about fourteen stone three pounds. It appears that Cribb expected to win with ease and style, and Molineaux threatened to perform wonders; it was also stated by the most experienced and best informed upon the subject that the betting upon this occasion exceeded anything of the kind that had gone before it. Considerable odds were betted that Molineaux was disposed of in fifteen minutes, and it was considered safe betting that Cribb proved the conqueror in half an hour. The day selected for this grand milling exhibition was Dec. 10th, 1810, at Copthall Common, in the neighborhood of East Grinstead, Sussex, within 30 miles of the Metropolis. Notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents and the distance from London, the Fancy were not to be deterred from witnessing the mill, and waded through a clayey road, nearly knee-deep for five miles, with alacrity and cheerfulness, as if it had been as smooth as a bowling-green, so great was the curiosity and interest manifested in this battle. About 12 o'clock Mr. Jackson, with his usual consideration, had the ring formed at the foot of a hill (twenty-four feet, roped), surrounded by the numerous carriages which had conveyed the spectators thither, to ward off the chilling breezes and rain which came keenly from the eastward. Immediately upon this being completed, Molineaux came forward, bowed, threw up his hat in defiance and retired to strip; Cribb immediately followed and they were soon brought forward by their seconds; Gulley and Joe Ward for the Champion, and Richmond and Jones for Molineaux.

Round 1. The appearance of the young Roscius excited not greater attention than the setting-to of the above pugilists; the eyes of the spectators were stretched to their utmost, waiting for the first blow, when, after a few seconds of scientific dispute, the Moor put in a left-handed hit, but it did no execution. Cribb returned, but his distance was incorrect; however, he made a good stop, and planted a blow with his left hand under the eye of his opponent. A rally now ensued; a blow was exchanged by each of them, but of no import, when they closed, and Molineaux was thrown.

2. The Moor rallied with a left-handed blow, which did not tell, when Cribb planted a most tremendous one over Molineaux's right eye-brow, but which did not have the effect of knocking him down; he staggered a few paces, followed up by the Champion. Desperation was now the order of the round, and the rally recommenced with uncommon severity, in which Cribb showed the most science, although he received a dreadful blow on the mouth that made his teeth chatter again, and exhibited the first signs of claret. Fourteen to one on Cribb.

3. After a short space occupied in sparring, Molineaux attempted a good blow on Cribb's nob, but the Champion parried it and returned a right-handed hit under the Moor's lower rib, when he fell rapidly in the extreme. Still four to one.

4. On setting to Molineaux rallied, when the Champion stopped his career by a severe hit in the face that levelled him, the ground being wet and slippery.

5. The amateurs were uncommonly interested in this round; it was a display of such united skill and bottom that both the combatants claimed peculiar notice from their extraordinary efforts. Molineaux rallied with uncommon fortitude, but his blows were short. Cribb recurred with spirit, but the Moor knocked him off and put in a tremendous hit on the left eye of the Champion. A rally, at half-arm's length, now followed, which excited the utmost astonishment from the resoluteness of both the heroes, who hit each other away three times, and continued this close, infighting for half a minute, when Molineaux fell from a feeble blow. The knowing ones were lost for the moment and no bets were offered.

6. The Moor planted a blow upon the nob of the Champion, who fell from the bad state of the ground.

7. Cribb in a rally gave Molineaux a hit on the side of his head, when he went down.

8. Cribb showed himself off in good style and dealt out his blows with considerable success and effect, but experienced, from the determined resolution of the Moor, that he was somewhat mistaken in his ideas of the Black's capabilities, who rallied in prime twig, and notwithstanding the severe left-handed hits which were planted on his nob—the terrible punishment he had received on his body, directed by the fine skill and power of the Champion—still he stood up undismayed, proving that his courage was of no ordinary nature, in exchanging several blows. This fell almost in the midst of stupor from the milling his head had undergone. This round was equal to any that preceded it, and only different in point of duration.

9. The battle had arrived at that doubtful state, and things seemed not to prove so easy and tractable as was anticipated, that the betors were rather puzzled to know how they should proceed with success. Molineaux gave such proofs of gluttony that four to one now made many tremble who had sported it; but still there was a ray of hope remaining, from the senseless state in which the Moor appeared at the conclusion of the last round. Both the combatants appeared dreadfully punished; and Cribb's head was terribly swelled on the left side; Molineaux's nob was also much worse for the fight. On Cribb's displaying weakness, the flash side were full of palpitation—it was not looked for, and operated not upon their minds on that account. Molineaux rallied with a spirit unexpected, bored in upon Cribb, and, by a strong blow through the Champion's guard, which he planted in his face, brought him down. It would be futile here to attempt to portray the wonder and astonishment of the interested part of the spectators, who appeared, as it were, panic-struck, and those who were not thoroughly acquainted with the game of the Champion began hastily to hedge off, while others better informed, still placed their confidence on Cribb, from what they had seen him hitherto take.

10. Molineaux now showed symptoms of weakness; but yet rallied and bored his opponent to various parts of the ring, frequently knocking him about the nob, but he seemed to disregard it, and kept close to his man till they both went down. The Champion now perceived what sort of a customer he had to deal with, and that to win judgment and caution must be resorted to; he therefore adopted his favorite and successful system of milling on the retreat.

11. The Moor, still partial to rallying, planted several blows, but they appeared rather feeble, and did not have the desired effect; but, notwithstanding, he evinced strength enough to give Cribb a heavy fall.

12. Molineaux, immediately on setting-to, commenced another rally, when the Champion put in a severe body blow, but the Moor treated it with indifference, and in return not only milled his head but in closing threw him.

13. Molineaux, in boring in upon his adversary, received a severe facer from him, but who went down from the force of his own blow. To show the uncertainty of betting, it is necessary to state that the odds had changed six to four on the Moor, to the no small chagrin of those who had sported their money that Molineaux would not become the favorite during the fight.

14. The Moor went furiously in, and ran down Cribb without striking a blow, or without the latter being able to return one; however, on disengaging, the Champion was leveled.

15. Cribb, on setting-to, planted a hit over the guard of the Moor, which occasioned a most determined rally, and those persons who were fond of viewing milling might now witness it in perfection; no shifting, but giving and taking were displayed on both sides, till Molineaux was knocked down from a severe hit he received in his throat.

16. Rallying still the most prominent feature, but Molineaux went down through fatigue; Cribb appearing to the best advantage, the odds changed about till they became even, and that the Champion would win

17. Both the combatants, determined to do their best, entered most spiritedly into another sharp rally, when they closed and Molineaux not only gave Cribb a desperate fall, but fell upon him. Betting very shy, if any, it appearing to be anybody's battle.

18. The Champion made play and planted with his right hand a severe blow on his opponent's body, and Molineaux returned a hit on the Champion's head, who, by a blow on the forehead, hit the Moor off his legs, but afterwards fell from the strength of his own blow. Both in an exhausted state.

19. To distinguish the combatants by their features would have been utterly impossible, so dreadfully were both their faces beaten—but their difference of color supplied this sort of defect. It was really astonishing to view the determined manner in which these heroes stood—Cribb acting on the defensive, and parrying from the blows of his antagonist, though endeavoring to put in a hit, was got by Molineaux against the ropes, which were in height about five feet, and in three rows; Molineaux with both his hands caught hold of the rope, and held Cribb in such a singular way that he could neither make a hit or fall down; and while the seconds were discussing the propriety of separating the combatants, which the umpires thought could not be done till one of the men fell down, about two hundred persons rushed from the outer to the inner ring; and it is asserted that, if one of the Moor's fingers was not broken, it was much injured by some of them attempting to remove his hands from the ropes; all this time Molineaux was gaining his wind by laying his head on Cribb's breast, and refusing to release his victim; when the Champion, by a desperate effort to extricate himself from the rude grasp of the Moor, was at length run down to one corner of the ring, and Molineaux having got loose from his opponent, threw away most unmercifully, but his strength not being able to the intent, it otherwise must have proved fatal to Cribb, who fell from exhaustion and the severe punishment he had received. The bets were now decided that Molineaux did not fight half an hour, that time having expired during this round.

20. Molineaux made the most of himself and brought his opponent down by boring and hitting.

21. Cribb planted two blows upon the head and body of his opponent, which Molineaux returned by a desperate blow in Cribb's face, when they closed, and the Champion was thrown. The well-known bottom of Cribb induced his friends to back him from six to four.

22. Of no importance.

23. The wind of both the combatants appearing somewhat damaged, they sparred sometime to recruit it, when Cribb put in a blow on the left eye of Molineaux, which it closed, and fell from it. The Moor ran in, gave Cribb a severe hit on the body and threw him heavily.

24. Molineaux began this round with considerable spirit and some hits were exchanged, when Cribb was thrown. The betting tolerably even.

25. The effects of the last fall operated in some degree upon the feelings of Cribb from its severity; yet the Champion endeavored to remove this impression by making play and striving (as the former round) to put in a hit on Molineaux's left eye, but the Moor aware of the intent warded it off, and in return knocked down Cribb.

26. Both the combatants trying to recruit their wind and strength by scientific efforts. The Champion now endeavored to hit the right eye of Molineaux, the left having been darkened for some time; but the Moor warded off the blows of Cribb with agility and neatness, although he went down from a trifling hit.

27. Weakness conspicuous on both sides, and, after some pulling and hauling, both fell.

28. Cribb received a leveler in consequence of his distance being innerver.

29. The Moor was running in with spirit, but the Champion stopped his career by planting a hit upon his right eye and, from its severe effects he went down, which materially damaged his peeper. The fate of the battle might be said to be decided by this round.

30. If anything could reflect credit upon the skill and bottom of Cribb it was never more manifest than in this contest, in viewing what a resolute and determined hero he had to vanquish. Molineaux, in spite of every disadvantage, with a courage and energy unequaled, rising superior to exhaustion and fatigue, rallied his adversary with as much resolution as at the commencement of the fight, his rob defying all the milling it had received, that punishment appeared to have no effect upon it, and he would have ended nobly with Cribb right and left, knocking him away by his hits, and gallantly concluded the round by closing and throwing the Champion. The Moor was now convinced that, if he did win, he must do it off hand, as his sight was quite impaired.

31. The exertion of this last round operated most forcibly upon Molineaux, and he appeared much distressed on quitting his second, and was soon leveled by a blow in the throat which Cribb very nearly put in.

32. It was almost who should—strength was fast leaving both the combatants—they staggered against each other like inebriated men, and fell without exchanging a blow.

33. To the astonishment of every spectator, Molineaux rallied with strength enough to bore his man down; but both their hits were of more show than effect.

34. This was the last round that might be termed fighting in which Molineaux had materially the worst of it; but the battle was continued to the thirty-ninth, when Cribb evidently appeared the best man, and, at its conclusion, the Moor, for the first time, complained that "his could not go more!" He was, in his viewing, who turned the misery of the point persuaded him to try the chance of another round, to which request he acquiesced when he fell from weakness, reflecting additional credit on the manhood of his brave conqueror, Tom Cribb.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.—No matter in what form the cultivation of taste may manifest itself—in paintings and sculptures, in the analysis of scenery, in the grouping of flowers, in the embellishment of the window or the mantel, in the cultivation of criticism and the appreciation of the true and beautiful in art generally—refinement of manners, kindliness of feelings and a deeper devotion of religion will be its sure attendants.

CONSIDERABLE DANGER.—A surgeon, being sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a duel, gave orders to his servant to go home, with all the haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning pale, exclaimed, "Lord, sir, I hope there is no danger!" "Yes, indeed, there is," answered the surgeon; "for if the fellow does not make haste it will heal before he returns."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. S. S., Chicago.—In game 702, Attack's 14th move is, of course K Kt to his 5th. "Suimate" means that a player compels his adversary to give mate—in other words, commit suicide. In Prob. 704, you have mistaken the White K for Black.

JOHN F. VAN, Detroit.—For the very valuable contribution with which you have favored us, you will please accept our thanks. We shall use it as our space admits. It is to be regretted that the career of one of the partis in N. Y. was such, and yet unarranged, as to forbid his name appearing in the CLIPPER.

G. REICHERLE.—Your entertaining contribution shall be broached as soon as possible, to the delight of our readers. We will gladly comply with your request at our earliest leisure.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—"C. P." sends in the sol. of your "observation" on Brown's 19 mover (White P at Q 6th being blocked up) and adds:—"For beauty and finish this version almost rivals that famous '11 pounder'—don't you think so?"

CAAS. A. GILBERT.—The bundle of chess cuttings and kind letter furnish a valuable addition to our *repertoire* and stock of information. For proffer of aid as re C. autographs, we heartily thank you.

MAYER, Hungary, Pa.—Our surprise was more than equalled by our delight at the receipt of the magnificent chess picture. We shall reply by mail.

ADOLPH REHER.—Yours rec'd.; the new prob. shall have due examination and report.

NEEDS BLACKING UP.—The Queen at Q Kt 3 in Prob. No. 702.

ERRATA.—The following important errors, in our col. for Jan. 29, require correcting:—At the close of the solutions read, *fallacy*—instead of "folly." In the last item to Correx., read, *would present a choice of 3d moves*; instead of "present 2 moves."

CHESS.—Our columns are too narrow for more demonstrative diagram.

MICHIGAN STATE CHESS ASSOCIATION.—We have rec'd, through our attentive correspondent, J. F. Swan, a resume of this flourishing association's 2d tourney. It is the pioneer organization of the kind in this country, and we rejoice in its triumphant success. The tourney commenced Jan. 18 and occupied 3 days. Among the most steady and successful of the combatants was Mr. Henry H. Swan, recently returned from a 7 year's sojourn in California, and in fine trim. His trophy was a handsome set of carved chessmen, in solid ivory, and board to match. There was a pair of ties undecided at our last advices. There were 15 entries. The 5th prize, a silver medal, was won by H. D. Smith. Only 2 of the 4 entries for prob. lems came off sound, John P. Swan taking 1st, and Harsen D. Smith 2d honors. The 1st prize set has been kindly placed at our disposal. The officers for 1870 are:—Pres., E. C. Nichols, Battle Creek; Vice Pres., G. Greiling, Detroit; Sec. and Treas., Harsen D. Smith, Jackson; Chairman of Directors, Wm. C. Colburn, Detroit.

Corrections of Alexandre, No 25.

BY E. H. C.

PROBLEM NO. 52.—DOLLINGER.

As indicated in the list of *errata*, the White Kt should stand at K R 4, and White Bishop at K Kt 5th. The second condition is wrong, since the Black Kt can be captured by Queen at the third move, and White will win. Remove the Pawn from Q R 3 to Q 3d.

PROBLEM NO. 54.—IDEM.

Faulty Besides the palpable flaw, 1...Q, or R, × Kt +, etc., mate can be given as follows:—1...R × Kt +; 2...Q to her +; 3... Q mates. Compare this with Nos. 44 and 50.

PROBLEM NO. 55.—IDEM.

Mate can be given in *two* moves! Stale-mate may be forced in several ways, and the author's solution is imperfect. On p 42 No. 180, this problem is given with a few unimportant changes, and is ascribed to Koch.

Of the five 2-move mates by Dollinger four are faulty, and of his 27 three moves, only eight are free from error. Making every allowance for the period when these problems were composed, it must be conceded that great looseness and want of taste are betrayed in their construction.

PROBLEM NO. 56.—SILBERSCHMIDT.

WHITE.—King at his 6; Queen at K Kt 8.
BLACK.—King at his R 5; Rook at K B 5; Pawns at K B 3, and K R 4th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

This neat position presents a pleasing contrast to the crowded and clumsily constructed situations preceding and following it.

PROBLEM NO. 57.—SILBERSCHMIDT.

The author's solution fails if Black play 1...P to Q B 4; but mate can be given in three moves, as follows:—1...Kt to K 7 +, Q × Kt best; 2...R to Kt 8 +; 3. R, Q mate.

PROBLEM NO. 60.—IDEM.

In the given solution Q or Kt can mate; and at the 2d move either Kt can check.

PROBLEM NO. 61.—IDEM.

The White Bishop must be removed from the board to prevent the following:—1...Kt to K 3 +, Q P × Kt best; 2...P to Q 4 +; 3...B × Kt mate.

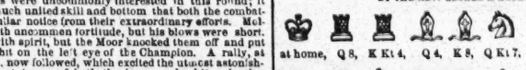
PROBLEM NO. 62.—IDEM.

This is only another version of No. 18, by Stamma.

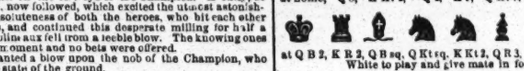
TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 707.

From the Illustrated London News.
BY THE REV. GEORGE M'ARTHUR.



at home, Q 8, K Kt 4, Q 4, K 8, Q Kt 7, Q B 5, K 5, K B 6th.

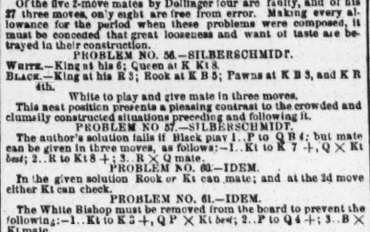


at Q B 2, K R 2, Q B sq, Q Kt sq, K Kt 2, Q R 3, Q B 3, K 3, K R 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 707.

BY A. Z. H.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 707.

Interesting little *partie* between Mr. Staunton and the Revs. W. Wayte and C. E. Ranken, in consultation.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack. Mr. Staunton.	Defence. The Allies.	Attack. Mr Staunton.	Defence. The Allies.
1...P to K 4	P to K 4	13...K B × Kt	Q P × B
2...Kt Kt B 3	Q Kt B 3	14...Q P × P	Q P × B
3...K B B 4	R B B 4	15...Kt × K P	Q B × P (c)
4...P Q 3	P Q 3	16...Q her R 4 +	K B sq (d)
5...Castles	K Kt B 3	17...Q Kt Q 2	Q B Q 4
6...Q B K Kt 5	Q B K 3	18...K R K sq	Q her B 4
7...K B Kt 3	P K R 3	19...Q her B 2	Q B his 3
8...Q B R 4	Q her 2 (a)	20...Q K B 5	K his Kt 2
9...Q B P × P	K R K 2	21...Q Kt B 3	P Q Q 2
10...K R B 4 (b)	P K Kt 4	22...Q × Kt +	K × Q
11...Q B Kt 3	Q K 2	23...Kt × Q B +,	and the Allies
12...Q B Q 2	Q B Q 2	resigned.	

(a) Preparatory to Castling on the Q's side, which, however, they have no opportunity of advantageously accomplishing.

(b) A troublesome move for the Allies; threatening to win a piece.

(c) Certainly unwise—but the best thing to do is not so clear. R to Q sq was, at any rate, less objectionable.

(d) The *coup juste*. If P to Q B 3 (the only other) the Attack would still, probably, rejoin with Q Kt to Q 2d, threatening speedy disaster to the Allies.

Partie in the late Tourney of the Brooklyn C. C. between the veteran Wm. Horner and our contributor F. Eugene Brenzinger.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Mr. Horner.	Mr. Brenzinger.	Mr. Horner.	Mr. Brenzinger.
1...P to K 4	P to K 4	21...K to his R sq	Q to K R 5
2...K Kt B 3	Q Kt B 3	22...Q R K sq	Q P × P
3...K B B 4	K B B 4	23...P K R 5	Kt his 5
4...P Q Kt 4	B × K P	24...Q her 2	Kt × K B
5...P Q B 3	B Q B 4	25...Q R K sq	Q K B 3
6...Castles	P Q 3	26...Q × Q Kt	Q her B 3
7...P K 5	P K 5	27...K B 3	P × K B 3 (f)
8...B P × P	B B Kt 3	28...R P × P	R P × P
9...Q Kt B 3	Q Kt R 4	29...Kt K B 5	K his B 2
10...K R Q 3	K Kt K 2	30...Q Kt R 6 +	K his 3
11...Q Kt K 2	Q Kt B 3	31...Q Kt P	Q R K sq
12...Q Kt Kt 3	Q B Kt 5	32...Q Kt B 5 +	K Q 3
13...Q B K 3	Q B Kt 3	33...Kt Kt 3	K Q sq
14...K R B 3 (a)	K Kt R 5	34...K Q sq	K R Kt sq
15...Q R Kt 5	K × Kt +	35...K Kt 2	K R Kt 4
16...Kt P × Kt	Q B × P	36...Q K B 3	Q R Kt sq
17...Q × Q B	Q × Q B	37...K R K B sq	P K B 4
18...Q her 3	Q Kt B 3	38...Q R K sq	P K 5
19...P K 5	P K Kt 3 (b)	39...Q K 3	K R × K Kt
20...P K B 4	B × B P +	40...R P × R,	but his game is un-

tirely hopeless; in fact, Defence gave mate in five more moves.

(a) Premature; K B to K 2 would have been better.

(b) This looks to be the only move to check the threatening attack which would accrue from P to K B 6.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

H. C. KILBURN.—Position unsound. Please overhaul it.

Game No. 39—Vol. XVII.

BETWEEN MESSRS. RADCLIFFE AND ANDERSON.

"IRREGULAR."

Black. Mr. R.	White. Mr. A.	Black. Mr. R.	White. Mr. A.
1...10 to 13	23 to 18	12...7 to 23	27 to 18
2...12 16	26 23	13...26 27	32 23
3...10 26	30 23	14...1 7	23 19
4...6 10 (a)	31 26	15...5 9	24 17
5...1 6	26 23	16...7 10	17 13
6...8 12 (b)	18 14	17...10 14	13 6
7...9 18	23 14	18...14 23	6 2
8...10 26	19 1	19...23 27	28 24
9...26 31	30 26	20...27 32	24 20 (d)
10...18 22	25 18	21...32 37 and wins.	
11...3 6 (c)	18 10		

(a) He conceded not to break up. (b) 9 to 14 only draws. (c) 'Tis for tat." (d) A fatal trap.

Solution of Position No. 75.—Vol. XVII.

BY D. O'BRIEN.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1...27 to 23	12 to 26	3...10 to 14	9 to 18
2...18 23	26 19	4...3 8 and wins.	

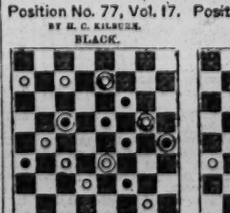
Solution of Position No. 76.—Vol. XVII.

BY C. KILBURN.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1...16 to 11	18 to 9	3...26 to 31	4 to 11
2...19 7	3 19	4...20 16 and wins.	

Position No. 77, Vol. 17.

BY H. C. KILBURN.
BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and win.

Position No. 78, Vol. 17.

BY D. O'BRIEN.
BLACK.

WHITE.
Black to move and draw.

LOVE FOR A DOG.—When Count Sponneck, confidential adviser to the King of Greece, was on his way to that country, he had with him on board the steamer a powerful Newfoundland dog, to which he was much attached. The dog one day fell overboard and Count Sponneck asked the Captain of his vessel to have the engines stopped, that his dog might be saved. "Your excellency," replied the captain, "my instructions are to stop only when a man has fallen overboard." "Very well," said the Count, who is an excellent swimmer and jumped overboard. The steamer stopped and both the Count and his dog were, five minutes afterwards, again on board.

AQUATICS.

A FEW WORDS TO BOATING MEN.

CALL FOR A CONVENTION.

Notwithstanding the popularity which rowing exercise has gained among all classes of our citizens, particularly of late years, a very essential matter in connection therewith has been so far neglected. We refer to the absence of any established rules for the general government of regattas and match races throughout the country. It must be self-evident to every one that to these omissions are attributable the difficulties attending the arrangement of matches for Championic honors, and the vexatious disputes so frequently arising for the settlement of which the arbiter must, in the absence of any recognized law to which he can refer, be governed solely by usage, which often has the effect of engendering ill feeling where it is desirable that the most amicable relations should exist between those who may be opposed to each other in friendly contests for supremacy. In order to ensure the furtherance of the interests of the sport of which they have become practical advocates, members of clubs and individual oarsmen should be bound together by a strong cord of amity, and should, each and all, cheerfully exert their influence, by word and deed, to eradicate all seeds of discord which now exist, impeding the advancement of so beneficial a pastime. With a view, therefore, to obviate the difficulties and secure a remedy for the annoying controversies alluded to, we deem it expedient to call upon the boating men of all sections of the country, professional and amateur, to assemble in convention, at some place to be hereafter arranged, in this city, for the purpose of framing a code of rules and regulations for the government of all regattas and match races which shall hereafter take place upon our waters. The importance of filling up the existing void is apparent to any one who gives any attention to rowing matters, particularly as regards Championship and other first-class matches, which have more than once come to an inglorious termination, simply because there were no rules for the guidance of those interested. We submit these suggestions for the consideration of those whom they especially concern, convinced that they will unhesitatingly admit their force, and in conclusion we advise that a formal call, signed by some of the prominent oarsmen and advocates of rowing, be issued as soon as possible, designating a place of meeting at an early date, and requesting the attendance of delegates from the different clubs throughout the country, as likewise of individual oarsmen unconnected with any organization. Whatever is done must be done quickly, for the opening of the season is not far distant, and it is desirable that these suggestions be carried out before then, so that the season of '70 may be inaugurated upon a new basis. Who will take the lead? We shall be pleased to receive communications on the subject.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The annual meeting of this club was held at Delmonico's, Fourteenth street and Fifth Avenue, on Thursday evening, 3d inst., and was very largely attended. After the reading of the reports from the treasurer and several committees and the transaction of other business—including the election of five members and one honorary member, the Treasurer of the Royal London Yacht Club—the election for officers was held, resulting in the reappointment of last year's officials, who are as follows: Commodore, Henry G. Stebbins; Vice-Commodore, James G. Bennett, Jr.; Rear-Commodore, William Douglas; Secretary, Hamilton Morton; Treasurer, Robert L. Hone; Measurer, Alfred W. Craven; Committee for June Regatta:—Philip Schuyler, Sheppard Homans, H. S. Babcock; House Committee—Anson Livingston, George S. Wilson, Harry M. Morris.

It was resolved that the annual regatta be held in June, the date to be hereafter fixed by the Yachting Committee. The subjoined letter from the Secretary of the Royal London Yacht Club was read during the meeting:—

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB,
WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL, S. W., Jan. 19, 1870.

DEAR SIR.—I have the pleasure to inform you that this club have appointed a match to take place on Monday, the 15th of June next, from the Nore to Cowes, for prizes, value £120 and £20, which is open to vessels belonging to any American yacht club, centre board vessels only being excluded, and the club would be most happy to receive the entry of any vessel or vessels belonging to your club.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, yours truly,

THOMAS GREGORY, Secretary.
HAMILTON MORTON, Secretary New York Yacht Club.

THE CAMBRIA AND SAPPHO.

FRESH PROFOSITION FROM THE CAMBRIA'S OWNER.

The negotiations so long pending between the owners of the rival yachts Cambria and Sappho have

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Notices, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A CARD ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Abdillah, Ali Ben
Allison & Collins
Anable, Charlie W.
Allen & Halls
Abrams, Fred. (2)
Brehan, Julian
Burdeau, W. H.
Brown, Frank W.
Buckley, J. K.
Blaisdell, W. F.
Bender, C.
Brougham, John
Bristol, W. H.
Brown & Sandford
Brizzie, Cris.
Bliss, Chas
Buchanauze, Ed
Brink, Fred. A.
Burnett, Jno. H
Bidaux, Gustave
Bly, Frank C.
Brown, Ben
Cohen, Sam
Campbell, Johnnie C
Conklin, Peter
Canfield, Jean
Carter, Billy
Calice, Miron G
Coleman, D. W
Charles, Jim
Cosen, Joe K.
Chamberlain, H.
Chase, C. C. (2)
De Haven, Claude C.
Davey, Thos. W
Denner, Rudolph
Denier, Jno. (2)
Delavante, L.
Dingess, Jno. A
De Lave, Miss
Davis, Chas
Eddy, K.
Eadon, Harry
Firth, Edwin
Fabian, John
Foster, Jesse W
Forrest, Charley
French, J. M.
Fox, G. L.
Frasse & Gannier
Grady, G. G. (2)
Glenroy, John
Gray, Geo.
Gaylord, Low
Gardiner, Dan
Gibbs, Clark (2)
Gardiner, Sabre
Gossin, F.
Hanley, Martin W.
Haltum, John
Harrison, Charles
Hope, Frank
Hagen, G. F
Hopper, Jerry
Henninger, Dick
Hicks, C. H.
Hernandez, A. M.
Hart, Owney
Harlan, J. M. N.
Hodges, D. B.
Hastings, Alf. Hy.
Hughes, D. M.
Hughes, Dr.
Howard, Chas. L.
Hicks, H.
Ingalls, Judge
Irving, Louis
Jefferson, Joseph
Jefferson, T. B.
Jackson, Harry
Jackson, T. E.
"Jeppe" (4)
Kendall, E. P.
Knight, Frank
Kidder, Chas. W.
Kelly, Edwin
Kingsley's Dramatic
Lanagan M (2)
Langdon, Harry A.
Lathrop, Saml.
Lamont, Billy
Lang, Joe
Lafolie, Frank
Lavate, W. H.
Lingard, W. Horace
Lavalle & Rosa
Marelzek Troupe
Murdoch, Jas. E.
Morton, Geo.
Murray, John
Maynard H. W. (2)
Meares, W. K.
Marks, Joe
Morris, Billy
Murphy, Tom
Melville, Jas.
Murray, Jno. H.
Morton, Mr.
Myers, J. C. (3)
Nathans, Jno J. (3)
Naylor, Jno W
Nunn Wm.
Newsome, K. L. (3)
Power, J. K.
Price, Lloyd
Pearce, Charley
Parfett, F.
Palmer, C. C.
Price, Sam
Pope, Harry
Peak Family
Purnell, A. W
Powell, Lee
Ward, Thomas Payne
Quinn, Johnny
Ryan, Robert
Rosina, Frank
Richardson, Chas.
Russell, Sol. Smith
Richards, Albert
Ruse, John
Ricardo, B. M.
Rosetta, Mlle.
Sacket, O.
Sweatnam, W. F.
Slade, Harry (2)
Stone Den
Swift, Frank
Sharpley, Sam
Smith, Bob
Stewart, G. W.
Steers, L. M. W.
Snow, Wm.
Saxton, Hy. A.
Saunders, John
Sherman, John
Stowe, John
Sherry, Jas. F.
Sheridan, Johnny.
Scott, Ainsley
Stout & Murray (2)
Smith, Dr.
Sydne, C. S.
Stone & Orton
Tighe, Harry
Vanrandt, A. D.
Ward, Jas.
Ward, Billy
W. L.
Whitcomb, A. J. (2)
Wren, Oliver
Washburn, Willie
Black, Eurtis
Bray, Mrs. Walter
Blake, Mrs. M. L.
Burton, Clara
Colston, Mollie
Clare, Kate (2)
Eldridge, Sallie (3)
Gilson, Susan
Heron, Matilda
Hall, Emma
Herring, Fanny
Holman, Mad.
Kingsbury, Alice
Leslie, Ida
Meakenson, Alma
Mack, Mrs. E. J
Moore, Emma
Nagari Sisters
Petty, Jennie W.
Polly
Putnam, Katie
Swan, Anna
Woods, Annie
Wren, Louisa Payne
Western, Lucille
Worland, Mad.
Worrell Sisters

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

PARTING AT THE GATE.

SONG AND DANCE.

TO MY FRIEND LEW PARKS, ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN.

I was walking out one evening,
'Twas in the month of May,
A little maid was by my side,
Who'd stole my heart away;
She looked so loving and so sweet,
I vowed and then swore for life
I'd steal a kiss from this young Miss
When parting at the gate.
Chorus—'Twas on one pleasant summer night,
But never mind how late,
I sweetly kissed a charming Miss
When parting at the gate.

We met quite often after that,
'Till on one summer night
I told her love, she did the same,
I trembled with delight;
She promised to be always mine,
I blessed my lucky fate.
Of course I kissed this darling Miss
When parting at the gate.
Chorus—'Twas on one pleasant, &c.

Time has passed on and we have now
Our hearts together tied,
Our lives are filled with happiness,
No heart-aches ever nigh inside,
But I will never forget that night
I vowed that soon or late
I'd sweetly kiss a charming Miss
When parting at the gate.
Chorus—'Twas on one pleasant, &c.

Bridgeport, Conn. ARTHUR W. FRENCH

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Admission, $1.50; reserved seats, $1.50; Family Circle, $1; Private Boxes, from $12 to $6. Doors open at 7; commences at 8.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7; commences at 7 and 7½.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 3d and 4th ave nues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Hayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c; Boxes, $5c., Gallery, 20c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 7.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Admission 75c. and 50c.; Reserved Seats, $1. Doors open at 1¼ and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

FRENCH THEATRE—13th street, near 6th avenue.—Admission, $1; Orchestra Seats, $1.50; Balcony Boxes, $6, $8 and $10; Proscenium Boxes, $15; Family Circle, 75c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—General Admission, 50c.; Orchestra and two rows of Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c; Private Boxes (4 persons), $8; Proscenium Boxes (6 persons), $15. Matinee Prices the same. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 1½ and 8.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS—Broadway near Fourth street.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Admission 75c. and 50c. Children, 25c.; to Reserved Seats, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

NEW YORK THEATRE—Broadway, near Eighth street.—Closed.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street.—General admission, $1; Orchestra, $2; Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1.30 and 7.30, commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50), Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats for matinee, $1. Doors open at ½ and 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Orchestra Circle, $1; Parquet Circle, 75c; Gallery, 50c; Private Boxes, $6. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.—Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 1½ and 6½, commences at 2½ and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved Seats, 75c.; Parquet, 35c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—General admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Admission, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Reserved Seats in Parquet and Dress Circle, $1; Private Boxes, $12. Doors open at 7½, commence at 8.

WAVERLEY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Closed.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street.—Matinee—Museum and Family Circle, 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats, 75c. Evening—Museum and Family Circle, 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats in Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Orchestra or Balcony Chairs, $1. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Dayton, Ohio.—"Becket Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. L. Davis.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Rooney's Hall"—M. W. Rooney.
Kansas City, Mo.—"Frank's Hall"—C. J. Franc.
Erie, Pa.—"Farrar Hall"—D. F. Ensign & Co.
Chicopee, Mass.—"Cabot Hall"—Wm. R. Wheeler.
Pittsfield, Mass.—"Fisher Hall"—Fisher & Wood.
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Liberty Hall"—S. Franenthal.
Terre Haute, Ind.—"Dowling Hall."
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Laudmeser's National Hall and Theatre"—Kerr.
Carbondale, Pa.—"Nealon's Hall"—Jno. Nealon.
Beloit, Wis.—"Goodwin's Opera House"—S. J. Goodwin.
Portland, Me.—"Portland Theatre"—J. B. Booker.
Medina, Ill.—"Dunn's Hall"—Thomas Dunn.
Elmira, N. Y.—"Opera House"—Eli Wheeler.
Portsmouth, O.—"Wilhelm's Opera House"—Jno. Wilhelm
Williamsburgh, L. I.—"Opera House."
Akron, O.—"Sumner's Opera House"—Sumner & Abbey.
Sparta, Wis.—"Greves' Opera House"—W. E. Briggs.
Beloit, Wis.—"Union Hall"—A. B. Carpenter & Co.
Newark, O.—"Wallace's Opera House"—Geo. Wallace.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Wm. J. Sel. & Co.
Aurora, Ill.—"Brady's Hall"—Thomas Tousley
Chester, Pa.—"Temperance Hall"—W. W. Waltnaright
Mount Vernon, O.—"Opera House"—E. G. Woodward
Louisville, Ky.—"Masonic Temple"—Wm. Cromey.
Charleston, S. C.—"Academy of Music"—J. L. Moses
Canada, West.—"Whitby Music Hall"—E. & A. E. White
Johnstown, Pa.—"Main Street Opera House"—John Parke
Biddeford, Me.—"Shaw's New Hall"—Jerry Goodwin
Mattawan, N. Y.—"Mattawan Hall."
Quincy, Ill.—"Opera House"—James J. Langdon
Monroe, Wis.—"Union Hall"—John D. Wood
Freeport, Ill.—"Wilcox's Opera House"—T. Wilcox
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera House"—Rouse
Williamsport, Pa.—"Uhler's Opera House"—J. Uhler
Augusta, Me.—"Meonian Hall"—J. W. North
Greenpoint, L. I.—"Continental Hall"—Chas. Eldridge.
Richmond, Ind.—"Lyceum Theatre"—Lafe Crozier
Young America, Ill.—"Columbian Hall"—Chapin, Houlton & Davis.
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Mason's Hall"—Jno. Mason.
Council Bluffs, Iowa.—"Burton's Opera House"—H. Burton.
Whitehall, Ill.—"Union Hall"—J. Bruce.
Dunmore, Pa.—"Ewen Hall"—Jno. H. Ewen.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Rooney's Hall"—M. W. Rooney.
Selma, Ala.—"Opera House"—James Pipkin.
Schenectady, N. Y.—"Union Hall"—Dimont & Epperson.
Syracuse, N. Y.—"Shakespeare Hall"—Stephen Bastable.
Trenton, N. J.—"Taylor's Opera House"—John Taylor.

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—J. E. Jackson, Ledger Job Office, Phil., Pa.
Clarry & Reilly, 12, 14 and 16 Spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Torry Brothers, 13 Spruce street, N. Y.
Ferd. Mayer & Sons, 96 and 98 Fulton st., N. Y.
Alex. Calhoun, 262 Main st., Hartford, Conn.

Theatre Ticket Printer.—A. S. Seers, 744 Broadway, N. Y.

Wood Engravers.—Boyle & Purcell, 150 Nassau street, N. Y.

Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Vanderlip & Taylor, 96 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Thurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
R. B. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.

Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Nestrock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Hy. C. Trippin, 110 N. 5th st., Philad., Pa.
J. O'Donnell, 260 Bowery, N. Y.

Rig and Cosy Dancing.—Jno. Bogan, 100 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Chas. J. Biarman, Middleville, Mich.
Mr. J. K. Buckley, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.
Griggs & Bacon, 240 Grand street, N. Y.

Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 780 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bogan, as above.

Theatrical Agents.—Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
H. Spinola, 61 Broadway, N. Y.
J. M. Mortimer, 617 Walnut st., Philad'a, Pa.

Bill Posters.—P. C. Backus, Erie, Pa.
Wm. Sayre, Newark, O.

Prismatic Lights.—McLewee & Putnam, 561 Broadway, N. Y.

Circus Tents, etc.—H. Sparks, 173 South st., N. Y.
Jas. Martin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mas

Music Artists.—L. W. Seavey, 684 Broadway, N. Y.

Magical Apparatus.—Hull Harts, 748 Broadway, N. Y.

Cushions.—Mrs. Taylor, 876 Bowery, N. Y.

Plays.—W. C. Wemyss, 8 Astor place, N. Y.
R. M. De Witt, 15 Frankfort street, N. Y.
Burnton, 82 Fourth avenue, N. Y.

Electrical Wigs.—Schmidt & Feodner, 1 East Houston st., N. Y

Hotels and Saloons.

Turner House—Danbury, Conn.—Jesse Sands.
Worden Hotel—142 to 148 E. 14th st., N. Y.—G. P. Worden
St. Charles Hotel—Broadway and Bleecker, N. Y.—G. L. Leand.
Neil Bryan's—Ore 83d street and Broadway, New York
Central Hotel—Providence, R. I.—Hopkins & Sears.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Feb. 7.

THIS is the second month alone, which has but twenty-eight in fine, till leap year gives it twenty-nine." It is very well to bear these little facts in mind, and to make good use of the shortest month of all the glad New Year. We know an old chap who was born very suspiciously on the 29th of one bleak and frozen February, and, would you believe it, that chap keeps younger than all the rest of his set, simply because his birthday comes but once in four years, and, in all that time, he adds but one year to his age; it is a species of "constructive fraud," or, as our bank officials say when one of their number is caught stealing, he is guilty of a trifling "indiscretion".....The circus people are busily engaged in making preparations for the coming tenting season; and, though the time for "camping out" does not begin in these "high northern latitudes" until the latter part of April, the fine weather we have enjoyed has set the boys in motion for the "good time coming," and the busy note of preparation is heard on every hand. Managers of tenting exhibitions have been looking out for the best talent the market affords, while the peripatetic showman, who has not yet been seen and secured, begins to feel a little uneasy, and wonders if he is to be left out in the cold. Among the "new novelties" announced for the approaching season is a "female clown," whose announcement card appears among the business notices in the CLIPPER. If the lady should *turn up* a *funny* talking clowness, it will be a fortunate concern that secures her. The various circuses that intend taking the road next season must understand that our country cousins can tell a good show from a bad one; they have had considerable experience in circus sight-seeing, and the concern that leaves a good impression behind can come again with profit. Americans beat the world in the circus line, and what in the olden time might have been considered a first class show, is now but a mediocre performance, for, in this branch of amusements, the profession of sawdust and spangles has kept up with the progress of the times, and in consequence an increasing popularity has attended the "revised, corrected, and otherwise improved" entertainments offered by circus managers. "Our Jim," having been reading about an accident which once occurred in a circus, in which one of the company, in throwing somersaults from a spring board, fell and injured himself, made the penetrating observation that "when a *summer*-sault follows the *spring*, the *fall* is sure to come next." Such well seasoned remarks the injudicious boy evidently considered smart. The life of a circus performer is by no means the easy one the glitter and gayety of the ring would denote it to be; on the contrary, it is a very laborious occupation he casts his fortunes in, and dangers and difficulties environ him around and about as he goes traveling on from one stand to another. Murderous roughs assail him if a free entrance is denied them; girls run off with him, and big brothers make holes in him for so doing; hotel keepers put him in barns to sleep, and feed him on treacherous hash, and contammated provender which the *other* guests of the house have condemned as foul; impecunious managers forget to pay him, and tailors without consciences "trust him not, trust him not;" sweeping storms of summer saturate his store clothes, and leaky tents provide him with cool and unsavory shower baths. "Jimmy," set her in a minor key, and grind out a sublime poem on the subject of

SUMMER STORMS;
BY A SOMERSAULTER.
As Ground Out by "Our Jim."

Come from your caves ye gods of storm,
Your summer scorpions sway;
From inky clouds let lightnings red
Gleam in terrific play;
Let thunder answer thunder now,
In deep and solemn war,
While storm charged clouds with rapid flight
The circus tent explore.

I never love to contemplate
The war of elements,
Each rushing cloud unto my eye
A picture dim presents
The voice of heaven's artillery
Is music for my ear,
While winds, with awful grandeur come,
And every tent they tear.

The loftiest language e'er employed
Would give but faint idea
Of my emotions when in tent,
The lightning's flash I hear,
Come then, ye storms, from your dark caves,
And let your powers display,
While we hold fast the centre pole
Lest it should blow away.

.....And speaking of circuses and menageries, "our Jim" attended a lecture, the other evening, on the "Elephant," in which the lecturer said "that if an elephant could jump as far as a flea, in proportion to its size, it could jump *several miles*. The boy, having his doubts on the subject, has been hunting stray elephants and fleas, in order to prove, by actual computation and occular demonstration, how many fleas an elephant skin would hold, but the boy was forced to give up the experiment as a bad job, as he couldn't get the dashed things to stick to each other.....We manage to get a good deal of fun out of each other at our theatrical boarding house, where, in spite of gutta percha steaks and indigestible stew, we still live, although things have been rather *statu quo* at this oasis in the wilderness of Gotham, and the Fairy Queens, gay Ophelias and gentle Desdys take their tea and things in unwonted quietness. Our friend Skiff is still on the move, and gets off what he thinks something smart occasionally. The other evening, at the dinner table—dinner at *six* at our house, and *no* lunch —Skiff having got through with his repast (how are you repast?) put the following question to the other boarders, who were still laboring to dissect the things placed before them—and between ourselves, good reader, it is our private opinion that Skiff is *in* with the landlady, and gets his board discounted in consideration of his keeping the others in good humor. Says he, after an animated discussion on "repeating," that is, going in for a double dose of steak, "Where is illegal voting mentioned in the Bible?" Rev. Obadiah Snuffle—who gets *his* hash free as an equivalent for setting a good example by rising early from the table—heid up his hands in horror as the proposition went around, "Why, sir, says our juvenile man; "*I'll* tell you where illegal voting is mentioned in the Bible—where David cast the *ball-at* Goliath." "No," replied Skiff, indignantly, "where Joseph repeated his dreams." "Not a sound was heard, not a funeral note," as Skiff delivered himself of this shocking attempt at wit, and when the ominous silence had subsided, a philanthropist present seized the offender by the scuff of the neck, and ejected him from the apartment. The Rev. Snuffles is not a really pure and shining light—he's a rounder, a pious rounder, who will preach or play a game of euchre, just as may be required of him; and he is the noisiest genius in the house. During his ministerial rambles, the other evening, he brought up in the green room of the Old Bowery Theatre. Beholding a pretty *figurante* seated on a scrap of old scenery, he immediately became taken with a fatherly interest for the young damsel. "They don" pay you much here, my dear?" said he in the most solemn tone of voice. "Oh, the merest pittance," said she of the abbreviated skirts and symmetrial goods. "How do you manage to live and buy all these spangles and tarleton, and so on?" asked the irreligious minister. "Why, you see," said the gushing little thing, "what with my salary for dancing, and what I get in the way of presents, and the supernumeraries come to see me in the *green* room, I manage to get along very comfortably." The Rev. Snuffle snuffled for the door immediately, saying, as he left, that "he was not used to being spoken to in that manner."....And, while on the subject of pious ministers, we may be pardoned for alluding to a curious little thing that has just been brought to our notice in a Pittsburgh paper. This is nothing more nor less than a challenge, or open challenge for the ministerial championship, and we give it *verbatim*, as we find it among the religious advertisements of the paper alluded to:—

CHALLENGE.—Having noticed for some weeks the advertisements in the religious notices of special subjects, big sermons, immense crowds, &c., &c., I have concluded to challenge Rev. Dr. ——, Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, and Rev. E. Y. Garrette, Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church (if terms can be agreed upon), for the Championship of Allegheny City, and if win I shall then challenge any Minister of the Gospel in Allegheny county, who advertises in these notices his subject, name, &c. If this is accepted, I should like notice immediately, so that terms may be agreed upon and training commenced.
Pastor Second Methodist Church.
Rebecca street, Allegheny City.

N. B.—The multitude assembles at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 7 P. M. every Sabbath.

Now here is a fair and square defi, aimed at the pious heads of brothers Hays and Garrette, and they certainly cannot object to give brother Rine the opportunity he seeks for making a little rhino. Should either of the brothers accept, and a match for the ministerial championship be the result, we will cheerfully aid them in their training preparations, and select a few of our professional trainers to put them through a regular course of pious sprouts, and bring them to the scratch in the best possible condition. If we may be permitted, in all humility, to make a pious and profound suggestion, we would recommend to our brethern that, in drawing up articles of agreement for this spiritual championship set-to, they fix the time so as not to interfere with that other championship match—the meeting between brothers Mace and Allen,—which is already creating a deep interest in the public mind. Jimmy, give her a turn or two on this important ministerial challenge, and look out for the safety valve:—

THE CLERICAL SET-TO

You may talk about your fighting men,
Your sports and such like fixtures,
But all must now give place to Rine,
The champion of the scriptures.
Allegheny city is his home,
The Second Church his station,
Where every Sabbath, day and night,
He preaches of salvation.

His challenge is a bold defi
To brothers Hays and Garrette:
If they the championship do claim,
They must win before they wear it;
The eyes of Allegheny town
Are on this fighting trio,
And half the world will soon grow wild
O'er this match now in embryo.

So stand ye by, my merry sports,
Let the wide world see that you'll,
In aiding those here champions,
Prove fair play is a jewel;
Stand by to back the fistic blow
Is given, but all be sound as
Gospel truths—then all the world
Will honor these ex-pounders.

.....Ready as we always are to give modest worth a hearing, it is not every one that Americans will swallow. The public, with a sharp appetite for novelty, heard of a foreign actor, and despite that some score heads seemed to *jar at* it, sent across to *fetch her* along. The attempt to *palm her* or him on us as something superior, played the *dickens* with him. He was a man of three nations, and he appeared first as Ruy Blast, out of compliment to his rough English nature; but the blast failed to make the rocks fly, so he now attempts to build up his reputation with juke's mortar; thus it is a German character which he assumes, vizly., de lager beer, and it is already rumored that the French portion of his composition will receive future recognition in the Can-can or the *bal mobille*, on account of the mobility of his features....And talking about actor people, "Our Jim" says he don't think much of Lisa Weber because she takes Mercury so often; but *his* opinion don't go far. At all events, she throws a web a-round Wood's Museum, though *how it* is done we can't see. The blondes are being crowned there with *garlands* of laurel, having renewed their victories, and so it is and always will be; legs *will more* people draw than any other style of performance; we *pitty* people who find no enjoyment in this class of amusement; smart managers find it is the *right-un* whereby they can reap a re-*ward*. That's *hall* we have got to say about it.....Startling if true:—We hear that the Cardiff giant is going to be set up on exhibition in some of the churches. Well, "there are sermons in stones and good in everything," they *say*, but if Cook-ed too much, parties by the name of Johnson are doomed to disappointment. All of which is respectfully submitted, with the admonition to skip the hard words and fill up to suit where things are not made plain.

City Summary.

"THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS," which has been in preparation so long at the Grand Opera House, is fixed for its initial representation this evening. It is a spectacle by Joseph Foster, and extensive preparations have been made in putting it on the stage. All the scenery has been painted by Richard Marston, of "Black Crook" notoriety, assisted by Dayton, Dufocq, Tyrrell and assistants. The armors and costumes have been gotten up under the direction of Robert Hamilton, Ada Foster and assistants; the foli work by James Fenton; the armorial bearings, picturesque banners, implements of war, Egyptian trophies and general paraphernalia by Samuel Wallace and W. E. Deverna; a new transformation scene by W. E. Deverna, with new music by H. Tissington, the whole produced under the stage direction of E. L. Tilton, with the following cast:—

Ulric.....Geo. C. Boniface	Bishop of Flanders....F. Gordon
Rudolph.....E. L. Tilton	Executioner of the Ape.....
Eric.....C. Maxwell	..... T. Williamson
Peirouse.....Lewis Baker	Executioner of Fire..J. W. Benton
Kalig.....W. Davidge, Jr.	Orchus.....M. B. Pike
Ebbis.....J. Daly	Busirius.....J. Taylor
Gnomelob.....T. Ward	Meicalf.....M. C. Daly
Firefake.....C. T. Wilson	Janetie.....Mat. Ponisi
Scourgeall.....L. Sanderson	Nicolette...Mrs. Geo. C. Boniface
Prince Banodoin.....J. R. Healy	Margaretta.....Nully Peiris
Michael Braun..G. W. Marcellus	Princess Gidwyle....F. Clarabel
Pierre.....A. Enos	Justice.....Fanny Lorraine
Sir Anthony of Italy..C. Laforest	Faith.....Nannie Egbert
Sir James of Spain F. Levassour	Hope.....Flora Leland
Emp. of Germany..T. Pendleton	Charity.....Nellie Jarman
Beaufour.....G. B. Douglas	Purity.....Marion Herbert
The Graces.....Misses Fortescue, Jordan and Sylvester	
The Muses.....Misses Clairville, Benton and Moorehouse	
The Senses.....Misses Chelmsford, Jeffreys and Evans	

There will be a large *corps de ballet* under the direction of Sig. Costa, with Mons. Ajax as characteristic dancer. The *premier danseuses* will be Miles. Roze and Brunetti. The *coryphees* are the Francesca Sisters, Josephine Strudel and Antonina Corsi.

THE PAREPA-ROSA TROUPE re-appear in this city on March 14th, at the Academy of Music, for a season of English Opera.

"THE GLORIOUS SEVEN" is the title that has been selected for the extravaganza produced at the Tammany on Jan. 31st. It is supposed to be an original production, but it is nothing more than the old spectacle of the "Seven Sisters," produced at Laura Keene's Theatre. Scene after scene is followed, together with all the business of the original, the situations being just the same, the only difference being in the dialogue, which has been changed. This abortive attempt at burlesque is replete with such sayings as "Smack you in the snoot," "Put a head on you," "Split me with a soft shell crab," "I can't see it," and a host of other equally as witless remarks. When the author failed to put slang in the mouths of his "repeaters," filthy remarks were resorted to, the tamest of which was Alice Harrison's remarks on the effects of a person eating onions. Another curious sight was the appearance of Belle Land, Rose Massey, Ethel Norman and Maggie Desmond, in breeches, and they all took particular care to so tighten the pants as to present anything but a modest appearance. The remarks of the boys in the gallery ought to have been sufficient to have made any lady with the slightest pretensions to modesty, retire, but boldly did they face it out. This what-you-may-call-it (for it has not sufficient merit to be called burlesque), was well put on the stage, so far as dresses and scenery are concerned, but such a conglomeration of old played out minstrel and circus gags, and terrible bad conundrums we never before listened to. Mr. Sheldon did a song and dance very well for a first attempt. Norman and Desmond devoted too much of their time to some admirers in the audience, while the part of Verney's brother might better have been omitted, as all he had to do was constantly making his entrance, wishing for ten cents to save his life, by purchasing a gin cocktail. Edith Challis is deserving of praise for doing as well as she did. Moses Fiske had little else to do than appear as ridiculous as possible, in which he was successful. The house was crowded the opening night, and was largely attended throughout the week. On the second night the iron railing was removed from the stairs, the 25 cent admission done away with, and 50 cents charged.

EDWIN BOOTH is crowding his theatre every evening except Saturday (when Emma Waller appears) with appreciative audiences, to witness his excellent conception of Hamlet. It is indeed a triumph of the legitimate over much of the swaddling style of entertainment at present offered to the public by some managers. Mr. Booth celebrated the opening of his beautiful theatre in "The Fool" on the 3d inst., by a supper served after the performance on the stage, at which the manager and his wife, together with a few invited friends and the company belonging to the theatre, took active part. This theatre opened on Feb. 3d, 1869, with "Romeo and Juliet," and after keeping the stage ten weeks was withdrawn on April 10th for "Othello," which had a run of forty-two performances, and was withdrawn on May 31st. Edwin Adams opened in a star engagement on May 31st, in "The Lady of Lyons," "Narcisse," "Marble Heart," "Wild Oats" and "Enoch Arden," terminating on July 31st. Then followed Joseph Jefferson, on August 2d, with "Rip Van Winkle," which was acted forty-nine times to immense audiences. He closed Sept. 18th. Kate Bateman and George Jordan opened on Sept. 20th in "Leah." "Enoch Arden" was revived on Sept. 25th. Miss Bateman closed on Nov. 27th. Her engagement was not a success. James H. Hackett opened on Nov. 29 and closed Dec. 25th. Emma Waller opened in "Guy Mannering" on Dec. 27th, and Edwin Booth commenced his present run of "Hamlet" on Jan. 5th, 1870.

ILL HEALTH compels David Wambold, of the San Francisco Minstrels, and Henry C. Jarrett to contemplate a retirement from the business, while Arthur Lloyd will leave the Hot Springs of Arkansas during the present month.

STEPHEN MASSETT gave an entertainment in the drawing-room of Dr. Guernsey, at 18 West Twenty-third street, this city, on January 31st, for the benefit of the Western Dispensary. Among the new readings were "Fra Gracamo," "The Mother's Prayer" and "A Voice from the Spirit Land."

CROWDED AUDIENCES greeted the performances presented at Tony Pastor's Opera House the past week. Nelse Seymour, having recovered from his late accident, appeared in that laughable act of "Wake Up, William Henry," which was made a screaming act, assisted as he was by Frank Kerns. The Freeman Sisters were well received in their several songs. Charles Parker made quite a favorable impression upon his audience. The burlesque of "Richard the Third" was tae afterpiece, and it afforded Tony Pastor an opportunity for creating a good deal of fun as Richard, while George Thompson as King Henry made a most laughable king. T. G. Riggs, in make-up and acting of Lady Anne, was huge, both in proportions and his actions. While he may not have looked as well as Shakespeare intended her, he nevertheless pleased the audience. Ryman and Conway, in their *habitues* for a benefit, which was responded to by an overflowing house. This gentleman has made himself very popular with the audience as well as with the members of the profession. The play was the "Hidden Hand," Mr. Linden sustaining the *role* of Wool, which he rendered in an artistic manner. Mrs. Linden appeared as Capitola and left a good impression upon the audience. The only fault we find with it is that we do not wish to see enough of her. For this evening a new play is announced "Through Fire and Water." The Cardiff Giant is now on exhibition at this house."

MARIE ZOE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY were in Titusville, Pa., the past week, continue there the current week and open in Oil City on the 14th, for one week.

AN ATTEMPT is being made to close up the theatres in St. Louis on Sunday nights.

LIZZIE MADDERN DAVEY has been granted a divorce from her husband, Thomas W. Davey, in the St. Louis Courts.

LEFFINGWELL opened in Memphis, Tenn., at the Opera House, on Feb. 1st.

THINGS THEATRICAL were pretty lively in Philadelphia the past week. The Arch Street Theatre was illuminated and made bright by Mr. John Brougham's "Red Light," which was exhibited for the first time at that city on Monday evening, Jan. 31st, in the presence of a crowded and well pleased audience. The play has been placed on the stage in a careful manner and the different characters were fairly rendered, Mr. Brougham being well supported by the regular company. The "Red Light" may be said to have met with much success in the Quaker City, the attendance being large throughout the week and the applause very liberal; it will be continued during the current week, which will close Mr. Brougham's engagement. On Monday evening, Feb. 14th, "Little Em'ly" will be revived; during its former representation it met with much favor, and was only withdrawn to enable Mr. Brougham to fulfil an engagement which had been entered into some time previously.....Fox's American Theatre is a snug little mint for its proprietor, who, judging from the crowded houses that have been nightly the fortune for himself, as well as giving employment to quite a number of worthy performers. Mad. Senyeah concluded her gymnastic exhibitions on the 5th inst.; she is an established favorite in Philadelphia, and never fails to awaken the liveliest enthusiasm when she starts upon her aerial flight. Among the first appearances announced for the present week are Carrie Moore, the well known skateress; Wally Price, vocalist and comedian; Harry Enochs, banjoist and Ethiopian comedian; and John Forbes. Rollin Howard, whose burlesques have been a feature of the performances at this house of late is to finish his engagement this week, when he appears in the dual character of Hamlet and Ophelia, in his burlesque-tragedy of "Hamlet in Black." At no similar establishment in the country is a greater succession of novelties presented, and this fact will account, to a great extent, for the success which has attended Mr. Fox's efforts since he assumed the management of the American.....The Galton Opera Troupe, who have had possession of the Chestnut Street Theatre since Laura Keene and her dramatic troupe left for a traveling tour, have not been much of a success, and the *habitues* will, no doubt, be satisfied with the change which will be made on Monday evening next, Feb. 14th, when the dramatic season will be revived with the "Streets of New York," in which Mr. Frank Mayo, a very clever actor, will appear as Badger.....The new spectacular play of "London," which was presented at the Walnut, Philadelphia, for the first time, on Monday evening, Jan. 31st, attracted a succession of crowded houses during the week, but had to be taken off at the close of its first week, in consequence of the engagement of Mr. Edwin Adams, which commenced on Feb. 7th, he appearing as Narcisse in the play of that name. At the termination of his appearance the successful play of "Not Guilty" will be revived.....At the German Theatre, Coates and Franklin streets, Mr. Hindorff, comedian, opened an engagement on Saturday evening, Feb. 5th, in "the Berliner Kinder," which was vociferously applauded by the German element. We hear no

passion so inseparably associated with her rendition. The *sang froid* of the intriguing liberdine, Levison, was admirably depicted by Vandenhoff, and the queer, quaint and quizzical Miss Corner was capitally portrayed by Mrs. G. C. Germon. The Barbara Hare of Louisa Hawthorne was a most excellent personation, and in her singing she rendered, with sympathetic tenderness, the air of 'Then You'll Remember Me.' As many were unable to gain admission on Wednesday evening, 'East Lynne' was reproduced on the 3d, with the same flattering result. This evening (4th), 'Lady Audley's Secret' (or the benefit of Mrs. Bowers. 'Snare; or, What Can't Money Do,' is in rehearsal, and during Mrs. Bowers' engagement her new play, entitled 'Reaping the Tempest,' will be produced."

THE THEATRICAL EVENT of the past week at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., was the production of "Enoch Arden" on the 3d, with E. L. Davenport in the title *rote*. Our correspondent "Moso" says:—"Mr. Davenport's conception of the *role* was grand. In the more emotional scenes of the play he was very effective. It was an intellectual and artistic performance throughout, and he was repeatedly applauded. Mr. Grisdale's Philip Ray was too boisterous. W. M. Foster was all that could be desired as Reuben. W. C. Miller rendered the character of Capt. Sterling in a satisfactory manner. Harry Everitt as Peter Lane left nothing to be desired. The Annie Leigh of May Fiske was good. The piece was placed on the stage, so far as scenery and properties are concerned, in an unexceptionable manner. 'Enoch Arden' held the boards for the balance of the week to crowded houses. Frank Lawlor, of the Albany Academy of Music, recited 'Shamus O'Brien' on the occasion of Mr. D.'s benefit on the 4th. That Mr. Davenport has been successful in his efforts to please was apparent from the nightly increasing audiences. Ed. Eddy is the attraction for next (this) week."

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT, dating on the 4th of Feb., gives rather a cheerful report of things theatrical in that village. He says:—"Theatricals have been better patronized the past week, and we have had more of them than for many months past. In addition to the fine audiences drawn by the Blondes at the National, and Maggie Mitchell at Wood's, Lingard and his troupe have been doing extremely well at Mozart Hall. At Wood's, Miss Mitchell opened her second week with a drama new to this burgh, styled 'Lorie,' drawn from one of Auerbach's German novels. It ran three nights only. The character of Lorie is by no means as well fitted to Maggie's powers as the oldish Fanchon, nor does the piece hold the same sympathetic influence over the auditors as the other, though it is by no means uninteresting. On Thursday evening the 'Pearl of Savoy' was put on and repeated for her benefit on Friday, and on Saturday 'Little Barefoot' was given, both for *matinee* and evening performance. Next to 'Fanchon,' the 'Pearl' has been the most successful performance, the cast being strong, embracing Whiting, Gotthold and Church as Pierrot, Lanstalot and the Commander respectively, and Charlotte Crampton and Fanny Pierson in the *role* of Margaret and Chouchon. Marie's songs and the duet of Marie and Pierrot were nicely sung. Lucille Western begins a two week's engagement on Monday, 7th inst.... The Linzard troupe commenced a season of four nights at Mozart Hall, on Wednesday. The opening bill was 'The Captain of the Watch,' followed by the Lingard acts, and winding up with 'All that Glitters is not Gold.' Tais was changed on Thursday, to 'Who Speaks First,' and 'Day After the Wedding.' The Bills for Friday and Saturday were the farce 'Who Speaks First,' Lingard's pieces, and 'Pluto,' Lingard was supported by a company consisting of E. F. Thorne, A. D. Billings, B. Dunning, T. F. Egbert, J. Wickham, C. E. Pratt; Alice Dunning Lingard, Amelia Harris, Lina Edwin, Aggie Wood and E. La March. On Wednesday, J. E. Whiting, of Wood's theatre company, appeared as Stephen Plum. Lingard's character sketches and imitations created great enthusiasm. Alice Dunning appears to-night (Friday) for the first time, as Orpheus, in 'Pluto.' The combination plays on Monday night in Indianapolis. ..... The National has had big houses all the week to see the Lydia Thompson troupe, and they create the same interest and enthusiasm as they did on their first visit, three months ago. Their programme has been the 'Forty Thieves' for Monday and Tuesday; 'Sinbad' for Wednesday and Thursday, and 'Aladdin' for Friday and Saturday. Beckett and Cahill, the two clever comedians, are droll as ever, and Lydia Thompson, Pauline Markham and Eliza Wethersby have lost none of their attractions. Beyond this, and the statement that some local hits have been introduced, there is nothing to say that was not said on their former visit. Fanny B. Price is the next star, opening on February 7th, for one week, and will be succeeded by the Richings Opera Troupe."

ANNIE WARD TIFFANY is at present at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, where she was announced to open on the 7th inst., from which city she plays through the circuit of Spaulding, Bidwell and Macdonough. The following complimentary notice of this lady is from the Galveston *Civilian*, of Jan. 25th. "The second night of Miss Annie Tiffany was devoted to Boucicault's well known drama of the 'Siege of Lucknow,' in which this accomplished actress filled the *role* of Jessie Brown to the entire satisfaction of a well filled house. We had awaited the coming of Miss Tiffany with no little curiosity, from the general impression which exists in dramatic circles that she is one of the rising stars of the stage. We have now seen her in three very distinct and different characters, as Gertrude in the 'Little Treasure,' Katty O'Shiel in the Irish farce of that name, and Jessie Brown, the Scotch lassie, in the 'Siege of Lucknow.' These comprise a wide range of characters, and for so young an actress as Miss Tiffany, seemed to be beyond her possibility of study and grasp. There are so many and such nice points of entirely distinct style to portray that we were prepared to see at least a partial failure. It is only justice to the meritorious actress to state that she has acquitted herself admirably in all the *roles*. Whether we contemplate her as the sweet, loveable English girl, the bright and saucy Irish maid, or the Scotch maiden, filled to overflowing with native pride and heroism, we are equally pleased with the correctness of her delineation, her careful portraiture of character and the excellent finish of her impersonation. Self feeling herself, she has no need to resort to meretricious arts to win the feelings of her audience, and the continued applause she has received on the two nights we have witnessed her performance, has been fairly earned. She is well up, too, in the accessories—a perfect mistress of stage business, a good singer and dancer, and with a popular style—and has before her a long, and, we doubt not, a brilliant career in her profession."

NELLIE GERMON AND ROBERT JOHNSTON are at present traveling with a dramatic company through Ohio. She appeared as Ruth in the "Lancashire Lass," at Springfield, Ohio, lately, and the *Advertiser* of that city says of the performance:—"She made a positive hit. This lady combines ease, grace and beauty with a winning manner, and a thorough knowledge of her profession, and her pathos and humor melts to genuine tears and moves to unaffected laughter."

THE COMPANY from the Academy of Music, Omaha, gave two performances at Council Bluff on Jan. 26th and 27th, supporting Albert W. Aiken in "Witches of New York" and "Chevalier of Darkness." Business was very good. Meantime Hermann occupied the Academy, drawing immense houses to witness his feats. Aiken and the company returned to Omaha on Jan. 28th, when he took a benefit, presenting "Heart of Gold" and "Paint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." Our correspondent, "Waverley," says:—"Hermann again had the house for the *matinee* and evening on Jan. 29th and filled the house to overflowing. Edwin Blanchard and his dog Carlo commenced an engagement on Jan. 31st in 'The Felon's Doom,' and were well received. Misses Cappell and Ward, and Messrs. Hardie, Clarke, Donald and Clifford rendered excellent support. The Scotch dialect of Mr. Donald was especially good. The same bill was given on Feb. 1st and 'The Old Toll House' and 'Perfection' on the 2d. Miss Cappell was effectual as Jane Cameron, winning many rounds of applause. Annie Wood sang a pretty song called 'Billy Bow' nicely, and received an encore. In the afterpiece Miss Cappell, as Kate O'Brien, was all that could be desired. The same bill will be played tonight (Feb. 3d.")

BIDWELL'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Biddeford, Me., on the 3d inst., in "Lady Audley's Secret" and the farce of "The King's Gardener." On the 4th "East Lynne" was presented, and 5th "Green Bushes" and "State Secrets." They remain there this week and open in Lisbon on the 14th for six nights. Manager B. has increased his already large company by the addition of an orchestra of five pieces, which makes a total of twenty-five people all told.

BOSTON THEATRICALS.—Emma Waller terminated a five nights' engagement at the Boston Theatre on Feb. 4th. She played Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering." Charles R. Thorne, Jr., filled out the week by playing "The Octoroon" on the afternoon of the 5th and "The Three Guardsmen" in the evening. This week F. S. Chanfrau is the star, opening in "Sam" on the 7th inst., remaining two weeks, and will be followed on the 21st by M. Fechter in "Hamlet."....."Little Emily" runs very smoothly at Selwyn's Theatre. Stuart Robson's Wilkins Micawber is well spoken of. Mr. Robson makes no pretense to reproduce the ideal of Dickens, but in lieu of that gives the public an entertainment of his own which certainly proves a pecuniary profit to the theatre. Mr. Robson has sent in his resignation as a member of the Selwyn company, to take effect at the close of the present season..... No change to mention at the Museum as "Arrah Na Pogue" keeps the bills. It is to be followed by a revival of "The Angel of Midnight," with Annie Clark as the principal character. A. W. Young, author of "A Victim of Circumstances" and "A Dangerous Game," has written a new play for the Museum, entitled "The Fugitives." On the 10th inst., Henry J. Byron's new play "Uncle Dick's Darling," will receive its first representation in America. Its cast includes Mr. Warren, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Vincent and the other prominent members of the company..... The Lyceum-ealed Morris' Brothers' Opera House—was announced to open on the 7th inst., under the management of Charles Thorne, Sen., who was to appear as Sergeant Austerlitz. The burlesque of "Bad Dickey" was also to be performed. .....Josie Orton makes her first appearance in Boston in five years, on the 16th inst., at Music Hall, in 'The Little Treasure," for the benefit of W. F. Gill. Messrs. E. L. Davenport, C. H. Vandenhoff, Stuart Robson and Kitty Blanchard will also appear.

NEIL WARNER appeared in Augusta, Ga., on Feb. 1st with a dramatic company, under John T. Ford's management, in "Hamlet," with Lillie Eldridge as Ophelia. "Ingomar" was given on the 2d; "Othello," 3d. Mr. Warner's benefit took place on the 4th, and the engagement closed there on the 5th.

J. T. EMMETT continues his St. Louis engagement at De Bar's Opera House.

THE G. L. FOX PANTOMIME TROUPE were very successful the past week at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis.

ALBANY, N. Y., THEATRICALS are thus spoken of by our correspondent "Beppo":—"At the Academy of Music, on Jan. 31, Yankee Robinson and Minnie Jackson opened in 'Darius Dutton' to a fair house. Robinson gave a pleasing rendition of a genuine Yankee. Miss Jackson, as Sallie Scrubbins, has nightly been the recipient of loud applause. The Ralph Braighton of Mr. Sawtelle and Fred Sinclair of Keeble were very good. Mary Gilbom, by Florence Vincent, and Alice Braighton, by Mrs. Farren, were well sustained. 'Darius Dutton' was repeated Feb. 1st and 2nd, and on the 3d 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was brought out. Mr. Ryer rendered the part of Uncle Tom in a fine manner. The Gumption Cute of Mr. Robinson was very good. Mr. Crosbie made a good Phineas Fletcher, as did Edwin, the Lawyer. Miss Jackson's Topsey was very good but I have seen better. The Aunt Ophelia of Mrs. Farren and Eliza of Miss Brooks were well given. This evening (4th) Yankee Robinson has a benefit. 'Uncle Tom' *matinee* on the 6th. On Feb. 7th John Collins makes his appearance..... On Jan. 31st at the Opera House 'After Dark' was produced and has run all the week. The scenery is elaborate. Mr. Albaugh personated Old Tom very well. Miss Irving gave a satisfactory rendition of Ritza. The Bellingham of Mr. Forsburg, and Gordon Chumley of Mr. Edmonds, were first rate. J. R. Brown was not so pleasing as Sir George Medhurst. Mr. Clifford made Dicey Morris an important character in the drama. The Rose Egerton of Georgie Langley was good. The scene at the London dock, with a steamer leaving, was very fine; the steamer is about thirty feet long. The concert-saloon scene, although rather long and tedious, is good, and ends with 'Shoo Fly.' 'After Dark' was given at a *matinee* on the 2nd and will be given on the 5th..... Rose and Harry Watkins opened at the Trimble Opera House on Feb. 7th."

KATE FISHER has just come into possession of property in Waltham and Charlestown, Mass., left her by her sister, Mrs. Mary B. Wood, we are informed. The estates in these cities are all valuable.

JOHN COLLINS opened at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Jan. 31st, in "Rory O'More." Our correspondent, "J. E. H.," writes us of his engagement as follows:—"Although the evening was stormy there was an excellent audience in attendance. Collins gave a very acceptable rendition of the character and was frequently applauded. He sang three songs during the performance, and his parody on 'Widow Machree' was encored three times. His vocalization is superb. His renditions of Irish character are given in a quiet, natural manner, portraying the Celt as we find him in every day life. He never becomes extravagant in his delineations, as some Irish comedians we wot of. On the 1st inst. the 'Irish Attorney' and 'How to Pay the Rent' were performed to a full house. He sang 'Drink Deep, my Boys' and 'Widow Machree,' receiving a treble *encore* to the latter song. 'Colleen Bawn,' with Mr. Collins as Myles na Coppaleen, was presented on the 2d to a fine audience. Both the star and company played admirably on this occasion. Gorgie Dickson sang an Irish ballad in her usually good style and was *encored*. On the 3d 'The Nervous Man' and 'Magic Shirt' were given, Collins appearing as M'Shane and Paddy Murphy with songs. 'The Irish Ambassador' and 'His Last Legs' were produced on the 4th for Collins' benefit. The house was jammed. Mr. Collins gives his last performance on the 5th, and on the 7th, Maggie Mitchell commences a brief engagement, opening in 'Fanchon.' The receipts of the Opera House for January were $13,900, the largest return ever made by this house for a single month. Manager Canning can congratulate himself as knowing how to run a paying theatre..... The new theatre project has so far advanced as to leave no doubt that before the close of the present year we shall have a place of amusement worthy of the name of Pittsburgh. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Coleman will put the building under way by the 1st of April, and push it towards completion as rapidly as possible. Mr. Coleman leaves here on the 8th, for New York, where he will be met by Mr. Henderson. After which, Booth's, Niblo's and Wallack's theatres will be visited, for the purpose of gaining information as to their construction, and incorporating improvements into the plans now in the hands of an architect of the Pittsburgh theatre. The new building will be in the rear of the present Opera House. An alley will run between the two buildings. The entrance to the parquet and dress circle will be through one of the stores in the present building. The gallery entrance will be on Diamond alley. It is intended that the new theatre shall seat twenty-five hundred persons. The Opera House, as it now stands, will remain, and be used for concerts, etc."

"BLACK BESS," the mare used by the late Adah Isaacs Menken, during her last engagement in this country in "Mazeppa," but of late used by Kate Raymond, died on Feb. 3d, of lung fever. The first time "Black Bess" was used for dramatic performances was by Kate Raymond Jan. 4th, 1864, at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, and her last appearance was July 15, 1869, at the Opera House, Baltimore.

MRS. J. A. OATES' COMPANY re-appeared in Savannah, Ga., on the 3d, 4th and 5th.

OP SHOW NEWS IN QUINCY, ILL., a correspondent writes as follows under date of Jan. 31st:—"Another week has drawn to a close and with it terminates the first six days of a very successful engagement of Kingsley's dramatic troupe in Quincy, Ill. Every night since his company first appeared in our city, the Opera House has been comfortably filled. Kingsley's company was billed for only one week, but he has consented to remain another week to entertain us. The chief attraction is the nightly appearance of Melissa Breslau and M. V. Lingham, whose acting has resulted in their achieving a real triumph. Speaking of theatricals, reminds me that Col. Jonah, a wealthy citizen of Quincy, who has but recently purchased our opera house, is determined to test the practicability of establishing a permanent dramatic organization in this city, and he is now in correspondence with a New York gentleman who has been long and well known among professionals. As soon as this correspondence assumes a shape I will give the names of the parties interested."

Musical.

THE BERGER FAMILY SWISS BELL RINGERS, since the opening of the current year, have played in the principal towns along the Ohio river, from Louisville to Paducah, Ky., up the Cumberland river to Clarksville, Tenn., and thence *via* Hopkinsville, Russellville and Bowling Green, Ky., and Columbia and Pulaski, Tenn., to Nashville, where they closed a four nights' stay on the 30th ult. They report their business as having been uniformly good through this section, though leaving all their route has just been played by the Peak (Jr.) Family. The Bergers have strengthened their company by the addition of A. J. Whitcomb, solo harpist for the past eight years with the Peak (Sr.) Family, who left that party at Sidney, O., on the 15th ult., and joined the Bergers at Russ Ville, Ky., on the 21st. Concerning their first appearance, as an independent organization, in Nashville, the *Banner*, of the 27th ult., says:—"The Berger Combination opened at Masonic Hall last night to an audience which no ordinary entertainment could bring out. The fame of the company preceded them, and it must be conceded that the most exacting anticipations were fully realized. Taken as a whole, the performance excelled anything of the kind ever seen or heard in Nashville. Sol Smith Russell, to use the conventional phrase, must be seen to be appreciated. For a comparatively young man, he is the first humorous and character delineator in the country. The Bergers, one and all, excel in their specialities." The same paper, of the 30th ult., says:—"This famous family of bell ringers closed their performances of four nights at Masonic Hall last night. They have given us a series of chaste, elegant and attractive entertainments, and we are glad to say that their sojourn among us has been pleasant and pecuniarily profitable to themselves. This is one of the most popular, as well as the most deserving, troupes now traveling. They will meet with success wherever they may go." The *Union and American* of the same date, remarks:—"Last night the Berger Family closed a very successful season in Nashville. They have had crowded houses every night during their stay, and their performances have given universal satisfaction." The Bergers were to be at Shelbyville, Tenn., on the 31st ult.; Chattanooga, 1st and 2d inst., and Knoxville, 3d, 4th and 5th. They are billed for Cleveland, Tenn., for the 7th and 8th, and Rome, Ga., 9th and 10th. The trombone playing of Louisa Berger is said to be a feature of this party's cornet band, she being announced as the first female player upon that instrument.

A SECOND VIOLINIST, who can play solo alto in brass, desires an engagement. See advertisements.

A EARNHART, second violinist and solo alto player, advertises that he can be engaged.

FOUR MUSICIANS are advertised for by Thos. Carlow.

MRS. GEO. W. FLORANCE, the accomplished character vocalist and pianist, of the Peak, Jr., Family Bell Ringers, was the recipient of a New Year's gift—a $300 cluster diamond ring—by members of the company. Of course it was a source of mutual pleasure to the fair recipient as well as donors.

A SOCIETY with a capital of $1,200,000 has been established in France for the development of musical art and the industries connected with it.

THE ALLEGHANIANS were announced at Keokuk, Burlington, and Galesburg, Ill., last week. Their success is pronounced great throughout the west. At Aurora, Ill., a city of over ten thousand population, they turned hundreds away from the doors unable to gain admission. The *Aurora Herald*, of Jan. 23d, says:—"The Alleghanians are one of the most popular troupes traveling."

THE BERGER FAMILY opened in Chattanooga, Tenn., on Feb. 1st, for two nights.

E. S. BERGAN, for the past four years connected with Templeton's Theatrical Troupe, has located in Chattanooga, Tenn., as leader and director of the silver cornet band.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB gave a concert in Dayton, Ohio, on Feb. 1st. A correspondent says:—"The company is one of the best that has visited our city for many years. Miss Jenny Busk, one of the finest singers in America, is the leading star in this troupe."

AT THE BECHER BAZAAR, in Brooklyn, Mr. John Zundel organized, and Mr. F. Bergner violoncellolsted at the usual Saturday P. M. concert, on the 5th inst.

FRED WIDDOWS has established a musical agency in Chicago.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT are in need of a first-class orchestra leader. See advertisement.

FRANK B. CONVERSE is the author and arranger of works on banjo music, Nos. 1 and 2 being already in the market, with another yet to come. The general good opinion of the two first serves as an excellent endorsement of the one to come. For additional particulars see card in our advertising columns.

OLE BULL was expected to arrive in Omaha on Feb. 3d. Our correspondent says:—"A grand demonstration will be made by the Scandinavians, consisting of a torch-light procession and reception in the evening at Spohn's Hall. He will give several concerts here."

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, of Boston, were to give another concert in Cincinnati on the 7th of February.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE open at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 14th of February.

THE MENDELSSOHN CLUB of Cincinnati gave a concert in that city Feb. 3d.

THE PAREPA-ROSA OPERA TROUPE will commence a brief season of English Opera at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Feb. 11th, in "The Marriage of Figaro," and on the following day, at the *matinee*, Mad. Parepa Rosa essays the part of Arline, in the "Bohemian Girl," for the first time in that city.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS will be at Ballston Spa, N. Y., on the 9th and 10th inst.; Schenectady, 11th and 12th, and so on up the Central Railroad.

MISS MATILDA PHILLIPS (sister to Miss Adelaide Phillipps) has been studying under Garcia, in London, and recently made so successful a *debut* that an engagement for ten years was offered her, which she declined.

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS will be in Montgomery, Ala., on the 14th, 15th and 16th inst.

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE appear in Newark, N. J., on the 9th and 10th inst, in "Bohemian Girl" and "Fra Diavolo."

THE RICHINGS' OPERA TROUPE met with considerable success the past week in Indianapolis, Ind. The "Bohemian Girl" was presented on Feb. 1st, with Emma Howson as Arline. A correspondent says:—"This lady met with a hearty reception, and her performance of Arline was most excellent. She won great applause at the conclusion of the 'dream,' as well as for the concerted pieces. She dressed and acted the part well."

THE MCCOLLOCH AND BRIGNOLI TROUPE gave a sacred concert in Memphis, Tenn., on Jan. 30th. Our correspondent says:—"The clergy warned the public in a card not to attend; but notwithstanding their efforts the people did come, and the receipts were over $700. Last night (Jan. 31st) the troupe did the first and second act of 'Lucia,' and the tower scene from 'Il Trovatore,' to an $800 house..... Carlotta Patti and troupe are advertised for two concerts on Feb. 5th and 7th, at the Greenland Opera House.

Variety Halls.

WALLACE AND WOOD, grotesque performers, commenced an en agement at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, on Jan. 31st. They appear in an act entitled "Merry Musical Mommuses," and during their performance create the greatest amount of laughter and applause. Their business, says our correspondent "Novice," is very comical, and consists of playing on numerous instruments arranged in a singular manner about the body. They have a minature melodeon, which is really a novelty in its way, besides having quite a variety of musical instruments which they bring into requisition during their acts. Jennie De Mars re-appeared on the same evening and was cordially received. Miss De Mars' voice has greatly improved since her last appearance here; she sang several selections. Annie Hindle and Nellie Edwards sing a musical interlude entitled 'Alice Dun-In-Lin-Gard.' It is a cleverly arranged affair and is much enjoyed by the audience. It concludes with the 'Shoo Fly' dance, in which the whole company assist."

HARRY GUMS, the "Man Fish," can be engaged for variety halls the balance of the winter, and for the tenting season, by managers, together with the female gymnast Marie Bastian.

MOSS, SENTHAN and M'lle Geraldine, gymnasts, inform circus managers and hall proprietors, through an advertisement, that they can be engaged from the 14th inst.

THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., is reported as doing well with Frank Gayton, banjoist and end man, Harry Jefferson, song and dance performer and Tommy Sheridan, comedian and end man. Jack Reynolds, comedian; Victoria Howard, vocalist; Carrie Bentley, *dancuse*; Louisa Evans, vocalist; and Carolista, *dancuse* and tight rope walker, are in the company.

OUR CINCINNATI correspondent, writing Feb. 4th, furnishes the following news:—"Messrs. Wettstein and Florentine, proprietors of the Fourth Street Theatre, have entered libel suits against the Cincinnati *Enquirer* in the Superior Court of Cincinnati, claiming $10,000 damages each. The defaming language on which the suits are founded is couched in the following words:—'Messrs. Wettstein and Florentine, the Fourth street blackguards, having agreed to withdraw the Can Can from their varied play-bill, there is little or nothing now left in the city in the way of amusement for the vast number of young men who are wont to stop on their road to the workhouse, to bask under the footlights of concert halls, and revel in the glories of the infectious Can Can.' The article is headed 'The Nude Drama,' and relates to the arrest of the proprietor of the Race Street Theatre, the mention of Wettstein and Florentine, as they claim, being entirely gratuitous and uncalled for in that connection..... There is little new to chronicle about the Fourth Street Theatre. A new farce called the 'Dutchman's Troubles' was put on this week, but the company itself remained unchanged. On Friday night, Harry Aberle, the stage manager, took his benefit, and had a good bill, quite a number of friendly brethren and sistern having volunteered. Among the latter were Tim Woodruff, G. N. Hill, tenor; Johnny Foster (as Josephus Orange Blossom), Harry Wilkinson, banjoist; Billy Williamson, violinist, and Lizzie Johnson, a child dancer. In addition to these, Fred Pierce, formerly of the Excelsior Opera Troupe, made his first appearance on the stage in three years..... The Race Street Theatre is giving a good entertainment. P. H. Seamon, the ventriloquist, has returned from Hoosierdom, and began this week. The 'Old Folks' and the local farce continue on the bills, and between these a good thing has been wedged, in the shape of the musical farce of the 'Virginia Cupid,' with Joe Woods as Sam Johnson, Oscar Willis as Cuff, and Augusta Lamereaux as Rose. In the way of variety this week's programme at the Race street excels anything we have had since the Palace Varieties burnt down..... At the Alhambra there has been a bevy of new 'uns added to the company. Tom Adams, song and dance man and comedian, has taken Johnny Weaver's chair on the end, though the latter still remains and with Barlow does the 'Gens d'Armes' song from 'Genevieve de Brabant'—a long ways from it. The others are Miss Mary Clifton, songstress, and Mdle. Edith, *danseuse*. The old farce of 'Statue Blanche' is being run here..... The Academy of Music, on Sixth street, has been closed this week, undergoing a remodeling. It will be re-opened to-morrow (Saturday) night, but is hereafter to be run as a free show, with a small company. Among those who will play are Harry Wilkinson, Bonnie Emerson and Lizzie Mayling, the latter of whom has hardly recovered from the severe fall she sustained several months ago.

A LADY VOCALIST, *dancuses* and other talent are wanted for the Opera House Varieties, Jersey City. See advertisement.

WARD'S OPERA HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., is reported as doing a good business. Talent is advertised for.

A LADY VOCALIST and *Dancuses* are wanted for Marsdori's Varieties, Reading, Pa. Address as per advertisement.

THE FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, had an accession of four fresh faces to the company the past week in the Brothers Onzalo, S. W. Glenn and Hannah Birch. Says our correspondent, "Don Juan:"—"Ed. Barker, song and dance man, has brought out a sketch entitled 'Lilliputian Transmogrification,' which has proven a success. Dick Carroll and little Dick Carroll, the one in his Irish budget of songs and dances and the other in the burlesque impersonation of 'Mistress Jinks, of Monument square,' are great favorites and are recalled three or more times nightly. The brothers Onzalo, in their trapeze feat of going through a double balloon suspended in mid air, display an intrepidity and daring thrilling in the extreme. W. Glenn's 'Dutch Richard III' is a most diverting and humorous feature in the programme, and the solo dances of Hannah Birch are dashing and brilliant. J. S. Edwards has appeared during the week in a new budget of songs in character. Dick Parker, in his address upon the 'Topics of the Day,' convulses the audience with laughter. Joseph Whittaker, tenor singer, is well received. The *ballets* of 'Le Judgment of Paris' and 'La Perl' are handsome. A new sensational local drama in one act, called the 'Working Girls of Baltimore,' concludes the performance. It is a spicy production, full of fun, dances and comical situations. Adah Richmond, vocalist and actress, and Kate and Anna Harrison are announced to appear; also Miss Jennie Benson and Polly Daly. Sam. W. Glenn has been tendered a testimonial benefit, which takes place this evening (6th)."

AT THE "PALACE GARDEN," Grand Rapids, Mich., the company at present is Annie Sherwood, Annie Williams, Billy Remington, Con O'Leary, Johnny Nielan, Prof. Geo and Jas. Gilroy. On Jan. 31st Johnny McVeigh, the song and dance performer, re-appeared, after an absence of three weeks.

H. W. WILLIAMS opened Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on Jan. 29th, announcing himself as a candidate for a benefit on the occasion. The attendance, we regret to say, was so slim that Mr. Williams at once abandoned the idea of giving a short season of variety entertainments at this Hall. He is still in that city and undecided as to where he will open in future.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., re-opened Feb. 5th with a new company from New York; viz., W. J. Thompson, stage manager; Mr. Hurley, comedian, W. Maur, song and dance man, Nora Clifton, character singer, Ida Revere and Lotta Forrest *danseuses*, M'lle Louise snare drum performer, M'lle Rosita gymnast and Billy Allen, Dan Morris, Bowman and Harris of the old company. Miss Emma Clifton, vocalist and burlesque actress, is underlined for Feb. 7th..... Quinn's Varieties is said to be doing a good business. Several new faces appeared there on Jan. 31st, among them N. B. Shimer, an old Detroit favorite, and Emma Dormer, vocalist.

BOSTON was pretty lively, the past week, with amusements. The variety hall managers offered strong inducements for public patronage. At Howard Athenæum Hughey Dougherty made an appearance, and his reception was very enthusiastic. This week Josh Hart, the manager, makes his first appearance this season in the Irish drama of "The Green Hills of Erin;" also in the negro sketch, "A Trip to Paris." Among the other attractions to fill the week are J. P. Sutton, Annie Sutton, W. B. Cavanagh and Sandford, Harry Fraser, the "Man Fish," and Dick Sands, the cloggist, are also among the attractions..... The Hanlon Combination opened at the Theatre Comique on the 7th, and attracted very enthusiastic audiences. They remain this week. James Pilgrim puts in an appearance this week—his first in Boston in three years—as Paddy Miles' Boy, Morris, the Dutch Actor, continues his engagement.

FRED. ENDORES, violoncellist, is desirous of securing engagements in variety halls, as will be seen by his card elsewhere.

PROF. AND MAD. YOUNG open at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on Feb. 14th, in their "Magical Illusions," &c.

THE WHITING SISTERS, vocalists and *dancuses*, and Billy Gray, Ethiopean comedian, advertise that they can be engaged.

THE INTERNATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Toledo, Ohio is about run ashore for talent. They have reduced the price of admittance to 15 cents..... She that was Miss Maud De Lasco has returned from her bridal tour, and intends soon to leave the stage and reside in Toledo with her husband.

JOHN F. GUNKLE, proprietor of the Academy of Music in Nashville, Tenn., swore out a requisition for R. J. Miles, Manager of the National Theatre at Cincinnati last week, for failing to return a balloon he borrowed last summer. On arriving at Cincinnati with his requisition, Miles had him arrested on a charge of perjury. He was released by the writ of *habeas corpus*.

PERFORMERS are wanted for the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tenn. See advertisement.

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Memphis, business has fallen off since the passage of the "Act regulating places of amusements." Charley White, the stage manager, is confined to his room from illness..... John Thompson, of the Parlor Music Hall, intends taking his company to Shreveport and other towns on the Red river.

Negro Minstrelsy.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS opened at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, on Jan. 31st, to a crowded house. Our correspondent says:—"Their reception was a perfect ovation, and the highly delighted audience snowed their appreciation of the instrumental and vocal music in the first part by loud and continued applause. In the second part Pete Lee was very funny in his burlesque ballad, as was Swaine Buckley in his new act entitled 'Musical Moments,' in which he performed on twelve different instruments. Hogan and Hughes, in their double song and dance, and Billy Birch, in his comic song, *pedes down*, were especially worthy of mention. But the principal feature of the evening was the burlesque operatic travestie on Bellini's opera of 'La Somnambula,' with Miss Medora Becker as Amina. Having quite a pleasing voice, she sang some of the well known music in a manner exceedingly creditable, as did Swaine Buckley in the character of Elvino. Taken as a whole, the opera was well rendered, especially some of the choruses. As it was some time since our citizens had the pleasure of attending a first class minstrel show, the Buckleys will, no doubt, do a good business up to their closing night, Feb. 13th."

WHITMORE AND CLARKE'S MINSTRELS are billed ahead as follows:—5th, Middlebury, Vt.; 9th, Vergennes; 10th, Burlington; 11th, Plattsburgh, N. Y., and 12th, Malone. Business was very good with this company.

DAN SHELBY'S MINSTRELS were billed at the Opera House, Evansville, Ind., for Feb. 3d, 4th and 5th.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS concluded quite a successful engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, on the 5th instant. They opened, says our correspondent, "Novice," to a very good house, and each subsequent performance was as well attended. The opening bill was not the best in the *repertoire* of the company, but towards the latter part of the week a perfect feast of good things was presented. Messrs. Quilter and Goldrich, song and dance men, are recent additions to the company. They are rather clever, although they smack strongly of being amateurs. Sam Price did not appear on the opening night, and, in consequence, some changes were made in the programme. Mr. Kelly's ballad singing was highly relished, and Leon's impersonations of female character were, as usual, admirably rendered and afforded much enjoyment. On Feb. 3d a rich and humorous burlesque entitled the 'Pretty Faust' brought out the full strength of the troupe, with Leon as the leading character. It is one of their best productions."

ELLIS, FOWLER AND ALLIN'S MINSTRELS are traveling through New York state. Lang and Hank Mudge are billed as their principal cards.

JOHNNY BOOKER joined Arlington's Minstrels on Jan. 28th, after an absence of two years, during which time he has been working his farm near Adrian, Mich. Speaking of Arlington's party, a correspondent says:—"Too much praise cannot be given to Frank Lumbard for his musical talent; he gave us a warbling song in fine style and was *encored* several times. The company played at Tremont, Jan. 29th; Sandusky, 31st; Norwalk, Feb. 1st, and Cleveland 2d and 3d."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are meeting with favor in Philadelphia, their entertainments being of a varied and interesting nature, each department being pretty well attended to. This week they announce quite a number of new acts.

DIAMOND AND WELLINGTON'S MINSTRELS (colored), gave an entertainment in Three Rivers, Mich., on the 3d inst. A correspondent says:—"They advertised as the old original Georgia Minstrels, and succeeded in drawing quite a good number together. Their entertainment was very poor, but the closing act was highly appreciated by all. At the close of *their* performance, a number of new actors appeared upon the stage in the forms of the Sheriff and his attendants, and arrested the entire company, and by the aid of handcuffs soon rendered them harmless. It appears that in coming from one of the adjoining villages in this place they endeavored to compel everybody to give them the entire road, and meeting a man who had a large log on his sled, and he refusing to give the entire road, they employed force to remove him. I have not learned the result of the trial yet, but will advise you of it.

COLLINS, HULMES AND MORTIMER'S MINSTRELS are announced to commence a season of four nights at the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Feb. 12th.

ARCHY HUGHES had a great reception at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, Brooklyn, the past week. Such enthusiasm as greeted him on his opening night has seldom been equaled in a minstrel hall. Sam Devere and Billy Hart have all made hits and were received each evening with considerable applause. The performance presented is said to have been one of the best given by Mr. Hooley's party in a long time. There is an entire change this week.

A BALLADIST and several musicians are wanted for a minstrel party. Address Charlie Austin, as per advertisement.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS will be in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 11th and 12th inst.

FRANK WELLS, female impersonator, advertises that he can be engaged.

Circuses.

THE LAST "CINDERELLA" MATINEES take place at the New York Circus on Wednesday and Saturday of the current week. The Denzer Brothers are among the principal features of the present week's programme, also Hercul s Looby, whose feats of strength astonish all who witness them. The equestrian act of "Blind Man's Buff" creates considerable fun, and is indulged in by many of the company on horseback. "Billy Button" is a successful performance and keeps the bills for the present.

MAX MARETZEK'S OPERA TROUPE continues at the Academy of Music.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE is made in the programme of the afternoon, as well as the evening's performance, at Wood's Museum this week. This afternoon the burlesque of "The Pilgrim of Love" will be given, in which Olivia and Rosa Rand, Lizette Bernard, Therese Wood, John Morton and J. M. Ward, take the principal *roles*, while in the evening the burlesque of "The Very Little Faust" will be presented, in which Lisa Weber, Ada Harland, Lizzie Wilmore, Clara Fisher and others appear.

ALI BEN ADDALLAH'S troupe of real live Arabs were among the attractions at Mrs. Charles Warner's Champion Circus, Philadelphia, last week, and having been well received, will remain for six nights more. Wm. Franklin, somersault pad rider, put in an appearance this week, and on Monday next, 14th inst., John Henry Cook and Mlle Henrietta open an engagement in their equestrian performances.

TOM BARRY, the clown, expects to reach this city from England early in March. Managers wishing to secure him for the tenting season will find his ad ress in another column.

THE ORTON BROTHERS' CIRCUS had a

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—to be inserted in our NEWS DEPARTMENTS—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
IN OUR LEADING OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in *advance*.
ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned.
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Nos. 86 and 90 Centre street,
Cor. Leonard, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

A TRAVELING "IMPOSTOR."
IMPOSTORS AND IMPOSITION SHOULD BE DISCOUNTENANCED.

It is necessary that THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW, especially those who have any intention of visiting
ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS,
Throughout the country,
what they are about to witness, which the following will explain:—
FIRSTLY—That Arlington has no Chinese Giant, as he advertises to attract and deceive the public
SECONDLY—In order to explain more fully as to what and who the SO-CALLED "GREAT ARLINGTON MINSTRELS" are, we refer the public to the following notice, taken from the Cincinnati Enquirer of January 15th:—
MOZART HALL.—One of the largest audiences we have seen, assembled last night to witness the performance of Arlington's Minstrels, "from Chicago." It this company hail from Chicago we cannot but regret that it did not remain there. Its inability to stay in Chicago with profit to itself may possibly account for the visit we received. Never did a minstrel organization fall more completely in rendering an equivalent for the money expended upon them. never did we see such an anxious and willing audience so ruthlessly disappointed. It was cruel. Sam Sidney, the rival of Lingard, may be very fine—if so, we hope we may be spared from ever having to witness any of Mr. Lingard's performances. Arlington, who once had a good reputation as an expounder of negro witticisms and comicalities, has faded very badly and could now scarcely hold his own with the venerable and lamented Timothy Woodruff. The vocal and instrumental music in the first part was badly rendered, and the quarrette of Messrs Lombard, Corwin, Sutton and E'Suange was fully as poor as any we ever heard. Many expected to see the Chinese giant, Chang. Mr. Chang must have been left behind upon account of sickness or scarcity of rice in this community, for when Mr. Arlington came on, mounted upon the shoulders of a flute player, and wrapped in a sheet, upon which was inscribed some characters copied from a tea box, it flashed over the audience that they had been sold.
The entire programme was ancient, and was as badly rendered as it was aged. The acts were imitations of what we have all seen good actors perform, and it was an insult to a Cincinnati audience to palm such a wretched company upon them. The most ludicrous thing which the Arlingtons could do would be to wash the cork from their faces and quietly return to Chicago.
CHANG,
the Chinese giant, desires to inform the public throughout the country that he does not appear with the above named party. AS THEY HAVE ADVERTISED, and is grieved to think that they cannot command SUFFICIENT TALENT in their line of business to insure success, without adding his NAME and PICTURES to their bills, &c.
CHANG, THE GENUINE CHINESE GIANT,
is now on a travelling tour, and due notice will be given of his appearance in each town and city.
E. PARLETT,
44-tf Manager for Chang.

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For sale by all music dealers throughout the United States, or SENT, FREE OF POSTAGE,
on receipt of price, 40c.
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WANTED—LADY DANCERS,
Jig, Hornpipe and Clog Dancers; also Lady Vocalist. Variety performers having any specialty apply at HOUSE OF COMMONS, 25 West Houston street, N. Y. 43-tf

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HIPPO-OLYMPIAD AND MAMMOTH CIRCUS,
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AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE,
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Over forty (40) head of Ring Stock, among which the following celebrated horses are included:—
"Apollo," the great Mazeppa Horse.
Three splendid bareback horses, viz:—"Lady Bird," "Chief" and "Billy Muggins."
The celebrated spotted Trick Mule, "Mungo Park."
The celebrated Trick Pony, "Young Rule" performed the last two years by Little Emma Lake; also a number of Pad and Dancing Horses, Ponies and Mules; also Eighty (80) head of Baggage Horses, young and sound carefully selected during the past six months, by Madame Agnes Lake.
One Fine Band Chariot, in good order, no painting or repairs required.
One Splendid Ticket Wagon.
Two Box Wagons, suitable for trunks, properties or cages.
Nine Baggage (including one pole) Wagons.
A large assortment of Band, Baggage and Carriage Harness; also the splendid New Wardrobe and manuscript of "Mazeppa," as arranged for the Ring for the late Mr. William Lake.
110 foot Round Top Canvas. 40 foot Dressing Room Canvas, with seats, poles, guys, &c., suitable for a first class outfit.
N. B.—The wagons, harness and complete outfit was entirely new last May, and are in first rate order. The wagons were made by A. Wight, of St Louis, and have been pronounced the best made and handsomest ever placed on the road for any company.
There will be no postponement of the sale
All communications for information may be addressed to
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The above music is arranged for two E flat cornets, two B flat cornets, 3 E flat altos, 2 B flat tenors, baritone, B flat basso, E flat tube and drums; can also be played with seven instruments.
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New or second hand Scenery or Panoramas, fairly or spectacular preferred. Address "A. D. W." Clipper office, with description, size, &c.
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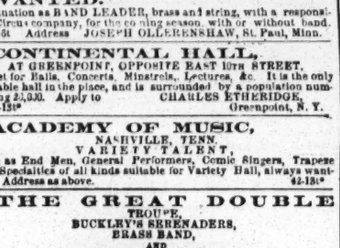

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